

PHOTOPLAY

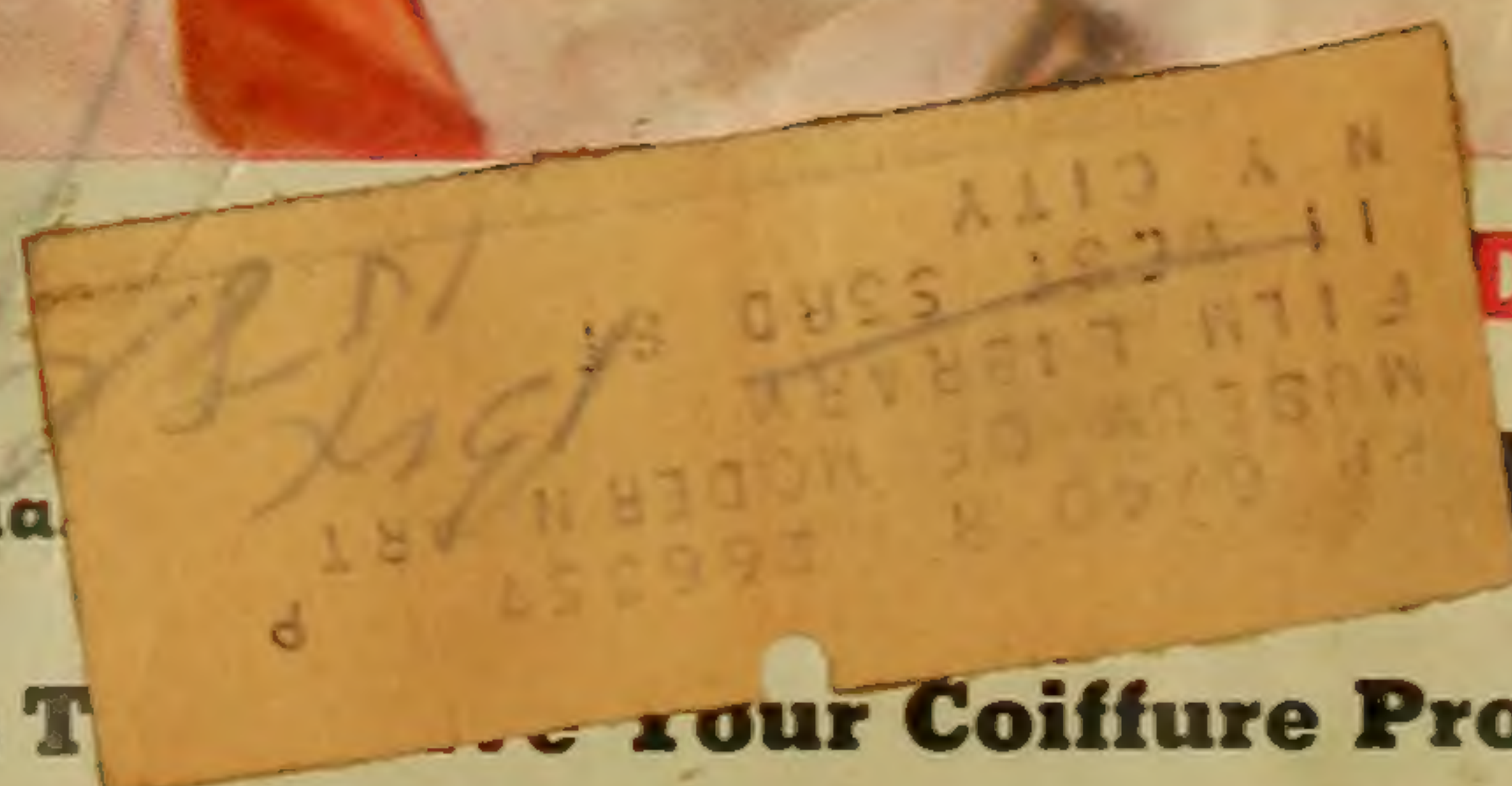
AUGUST

25¢



ALICE FAYE
By Paul Hesse

HOW TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR EX-HUSBANDS
RIGHT LIFE OF THE HOLLYWOOD GODS Another Unconventional
W'S YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"? Secrets of Movie Experts T **VELL**
Four Coiffure Problems



Pardon Me for Bragging



The Life of the Party—

—just at the time I expected to be miserable! But Kotex Sanitary Napkins saved me because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and so check damp, chafing edges.



The Smartest Move I ever made

—if I do say so myself, was when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends. I never dreamed I could get rid of that unbearable bulky feeling...but those special Kotex pressed ends relieved my embarrassment at once!



The Girls Gave me a Hand

—when I proved to them that the idea of the same size napkin for days of varying needs was old fashioned! Because with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super—it's now a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)



Better Say Kotex—Better for You



“I had only myself to blame”

“THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heartbreaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against.”

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condi-

tion is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

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Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

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Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times be-

fore social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. Do you know that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment for dandruff has produced amazing results for thousands?

1500 GIRLS INVAD
MEN'S COLLEGE!



We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.



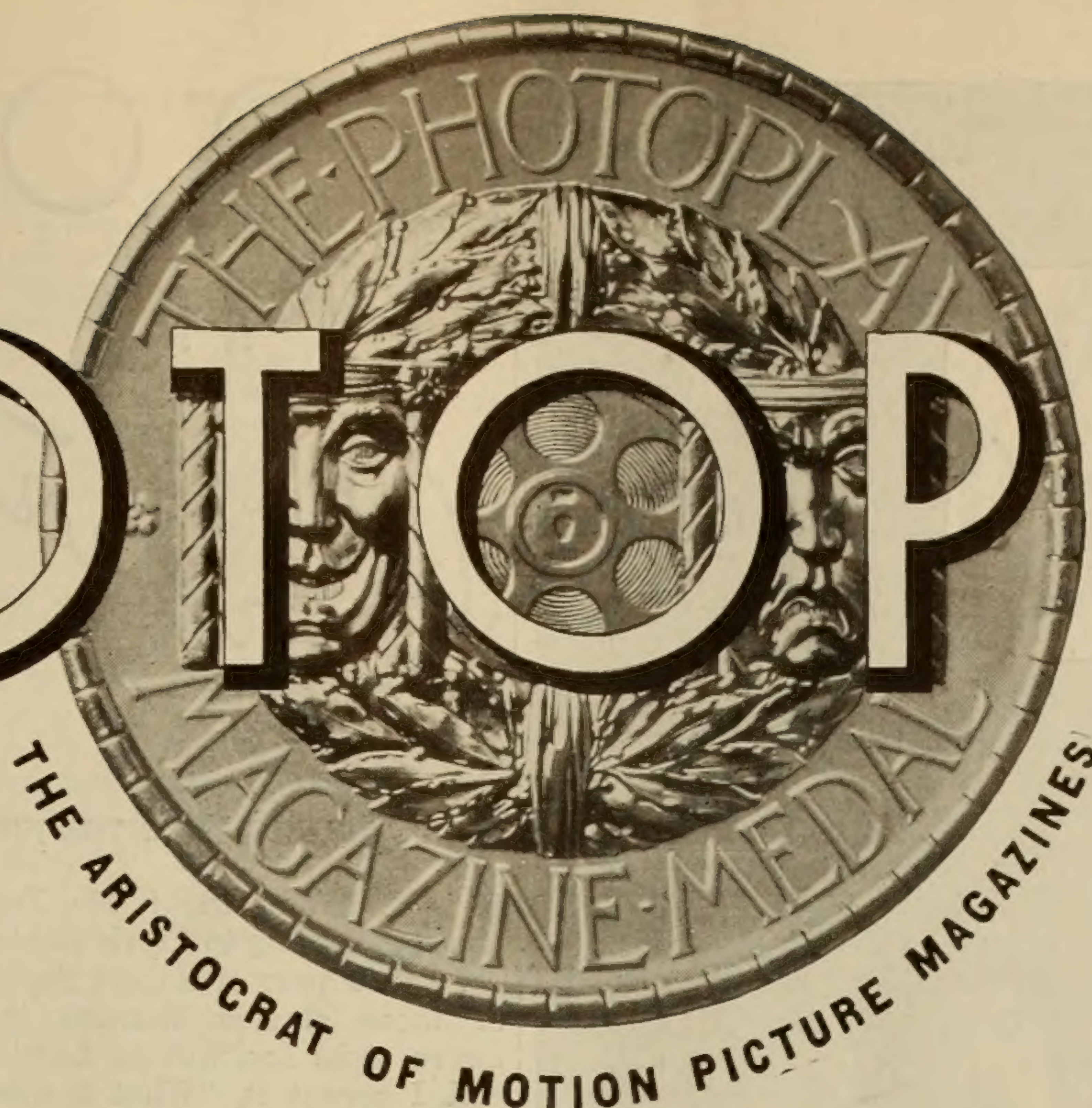
SHE WAS "HARD TO HANDLE"
—UNTIL SHE MET THE HAND-
SOME YOUNG PROFESSOR.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture
"WINTER CARNIVAL"
with Richard Carlson *Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong*
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists

PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Alice Faye, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Yes, Ruth could be as popular as Sally...



Lux undies daily! Lux removes perspiration odor—keeps undies new-looking longer. Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Buy the thrifty BIG box of Lux!

removes undie odor



—a little goes so far—it's thrifty

BOOS

AND

Bouquets

THAT'S TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE!

WHAT a man! No, I'm not referring to Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor, or any of those cinema Romeos the ladies heave sighs for, but to Lewis Stone—and I repeat it, "What a man!" The June PHOTOPLAY confirmed my suspicion that "Lewis Stone is really Judge Hardy," and it is a refreshing thought.

I've seen Lewis Stone in many parts over a period of years and admired his ability as a versatile actor and can readily understand his reluctance to settle into one character part, that of the *Judge*. For the present, at least, we are content with his choice and I hope he and the rest of the *Hardy Family* will continue to help us through life's disillusionments, with their interesting experiences and grand performances. I'm grateful to them for a "lift" in "The Hardys Ride High"—and especially am I grateful to Lewis Stone.

LISEITE LOOMIS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

PLEASE SAVE OUR ANNIE!

I WANT to make a plea to Warner Brothers on behalf of Ann Sheridan. Would it be too much to ask them not to do to Miss Sheridan what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did to our beloved Jean Harlow? Miss Harlow had to spend the latter part of her career diminishing the impression that "Hell's Angels" and succeeding films had given the public. Many women began to hate her, not because she had done anything to them, but because she was much too glamorous and sexy. I am sure that nothing could have been so far apart as was Miss Harlow in reality from the general impression of her screen portrayals. The public was, alas, inclined to believe the star was in reality the image of her screen self. It is still inclined to believe the same thing about others who are in Miss Harlow's position.

I am afraid that if Warner Brothers continue to show Ann in such scenes as the first part of "Broadway Musketeers," they will make the same mistake M-G-M made. Miss Sheridan bears a great resemblance to Miss Harlow. She has the same exciting and thrilling quality Miss Harlow so wonderfully had.

Give us Ann Sheridan (who is destined to be one of our great stars), glamorous but not sexy!

VICTORIA GARCIA VICTORICA,
Buenos Aires, Argentina

A SARONG FOR NEW ENGLAND

IF it is hokum that makes me forget my rheumatism, the family budget, and the process of disciplining the moral turpitude out of six growing children, at which I spend most of my waking hours, then give me HOKUM! If I can cavort (mentally) in a sarong, on a beach with Dorothy Lamour, in spite of my age, circumstance, and 190



Joan Bennett brings historic beauty to an historic figure—Maria Theresa, French queen—in "The Man in the Iron Mask"

pounds, that is ART enough for me. I can face reality most of the week but an evening off once in a while and a break in the routine are very welcome. Then, I want to let my hair down (in a nice way, of course). Give us more of Lamour. There is a gal who is a delight to the eye! In my loose moments, I like to imagine that I look just like her and sing in the same beautiful voice—pleasant delusions, both!

ETHEL WALBRIDGE,
Burlington, Vt.

THE AUDIENCE TAKES THE STAGE

ONCE upon a time I thought movies were true examples of everyday living. When Robert Taylor murmured sweet, endearing love notes into Greta Garbo's ear, I thought, "Love, ah, love." I thought how wonderful 'twould be if some handsome hero would put his arms around me and tell me how beautiful I was, etc., etc., etc. I waited anxiously for the day when that perfect man would come knocking at my door. When it came—what a disappointment!

Shirley Temple is too good; Jane Withers, too bad; Clark Gable, too perfect; Hedy Lamarr, too beautiful; Carole Lombard, too silly.

Everyone is too-too something or other. They aren't a little good, a little bad—they are all one extreme. They are not real.

I've never seen a movie that was real throughout. In "Made for Each Other," Miss Lombard's changing the baby's diapers at midnight was the most hu-

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

man action portrayed by any star in any picture.

Producers, directors, authors and actors may not like this insult, but I would like to see just one picture that is really, really real.

MILDRED PALMER,
Akron, O.

A BAD film should not be tolerated as an accident, but resented as a robbery, for the studios are able to make good ones when they like.

When a new find appears in the film firmament we see him in nothing but plummy rôles; his pictures are always good. They are good not by virtue of his talent so much as by deliberate star-building. From which it appears that quality can be determined in advance and has very little to do with chance. A star on the wane offers another proof of deliberate policy. When his rising salary makes him a costly burden instead of a lucrative investment, we see him in a series of vehicles so poor that only his established fame could make them salable. By this strategy, the last dregs of his popularity are utilized and the star, when finally dropped, is useless to rival companies.

Nearly all stars rise and decline in this way, demonstrating that, while mediocre films may crop up by chance, the best and the worst appear by design. Producers can calculate to within a narrow margin just how good or how bad their work is going to be. If they turn out inferior wares it is because, like other business men, they sometimes like to get money for nothing!

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,
Blackpool, England.

MARRED BY MAKE-UP?

DEANNA DURBIN, the famous young star, has become, like all cinema stars, the victim of make-up men at the studios.

A comparison of Deanna as she appeared at the beginning of her career with the Deanna of these days will show a very marked difference. Why must they do away with the natural expression on people's faces, covering them up with artificial masks that disguise their true personalities? Actresses are taught how to look, how to smile, all in a wild search for glamour. And, suddenly, the question arises in our minds: Is it really so necessary that the natural expression on a face be sacrificed for studied poise and glamour?

Deanna's personality has the special characteristic of bringing to us the adolescent girl, with the combination of her youth and childlike charm. Her open smile has been replaced with a formal one. A perfect one—even prettier, if you want to call it so—but one which conceals her real personality. And that is the great mistake. We want Deanna as she really is, with all the ingenuousness of her sixteen years. The time will come for her to look and act like a grown-up star, with the great advan-

tage of her magnificent voice. But, for the time being, let us have Deanna just as Deanna is!

AMINA V. PAOLI,
Ponce, Puerto Rico.

BITTERSWEET

I HAVE just seen "Dark Victory"! When I went into the theater I was in a state of personal boredom and listlessness. For months, illness, pain and defeat had overshadowed me. A vague fear of what lay just around the corner constantly possessed me.

I came out, knowing that in watching Bette Davis portray her gallant Judith Traherne and George Brent as the brilliant yet tender Dr. Steele I, too, had won a victory and had learned what I had almost forgotten—how to live in the light and happiness.

"Dark Victory" did not depress me. It gave me an insight into something nostalgic and beautiful—the thing we can all rise to if we have the depth to find peace within ourselves.

Judith Traherne and Dr. Frederick Steele lifted the shackles from my heart and, I think, from the hearts of a great many others around me. Once in a lifetime, such a film as this flashes across the screen, a picture in which the characters rise to greater heights than just the mere acting of their parts.

"Dark Victory" not only gave to its audience a poignantly beautiful love story, but it gave a lesson in compassion, tenderness and gallant courage.

LINDA ROGERS,
Springfield, Ill.

BACKPATS WITH BRICKBATS

THE gentle, but sometimes obnoxious, art of "mugging" on the screen is utilized to advantage by some of screenland's great, but is registered on the liability side as far as others are concerned.

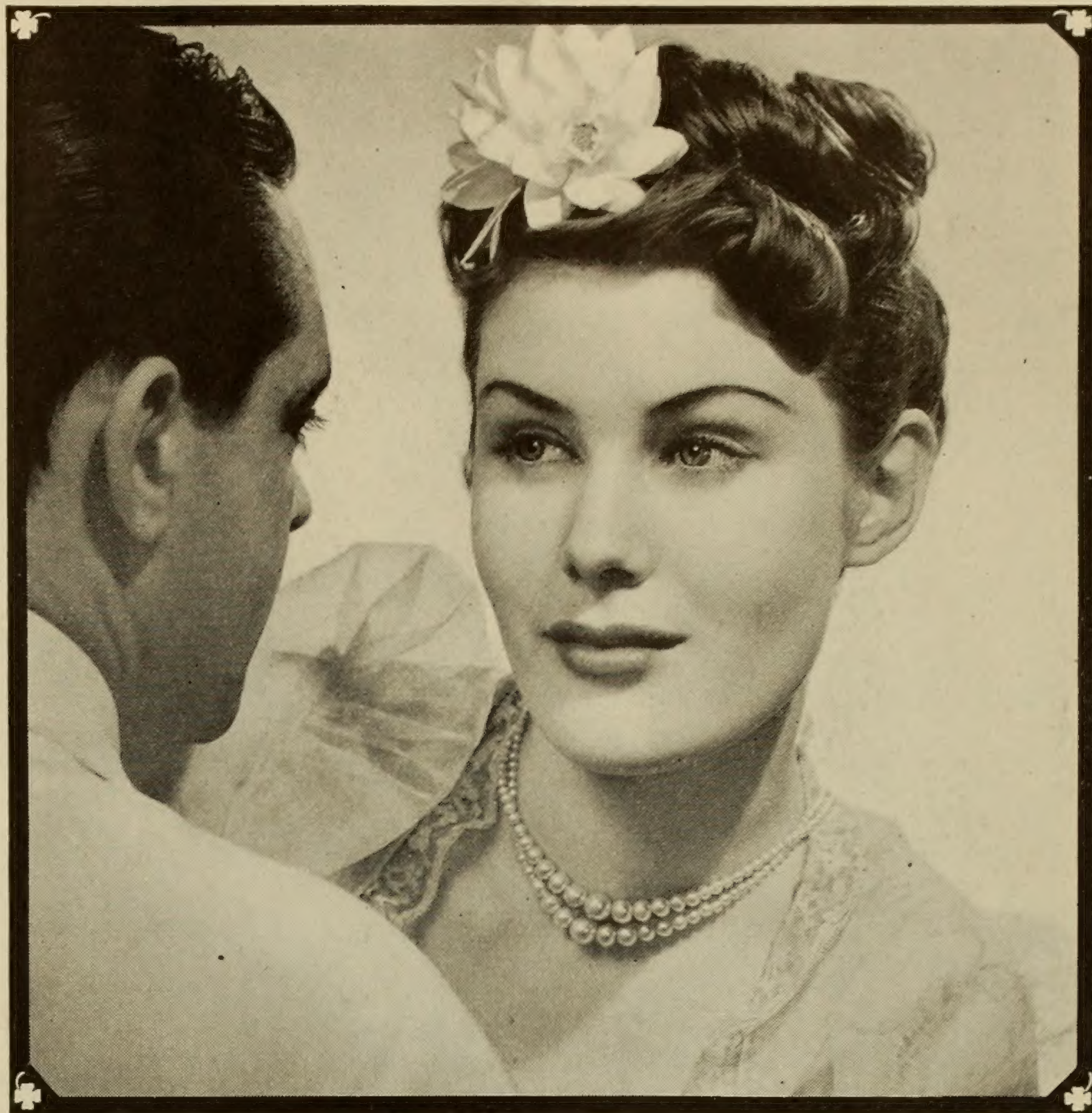
Irene Dunne's neat little, sweet little, exaggerated facial expressions tug at the heartstrings and deserve a salute number from our home town's band. In her case, "mugging" is becoming. We refer you to the picture, "Love Affair," with Charles Boyer, in which she goes through her entire repertoire of nose-twitching, uplifted eyebrows, et cetera, throughout the picture. But she's good—darn good!

Now, we'll take the case of Mr. Don Ameche. He's pleasant looking, has a decent smile and, I understand, is a nice sort of fellow to know. But Mr. Ameche's constant attempt to dramatize with every muscle of his face is very disconcerting and is, undoubtedly, one of the reasons (the main reason) Kansas City, Missouri, has a "We Hate Don Ameche" Club. Someone should tell Mr. Ameche that with one half the "mugging" he would be very nice.

But—full "mugging" ahead as far as you're concerned, Irene Dunne!

GRIER LOWRY,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Lady Esther asks "Where's the girl who wants to be Lucky in Love?"



If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back?
Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You.

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* her powder is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this may seem hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all

ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *really right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it goes on so smoothly that it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be care-free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder... free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love!



"My lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder brought me luck in love!"

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(45)

LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street,
Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

A combination that spells dynamite at the box office—George Raft and James Cagney, co-starring in Warners' dramatic "Each Dawn I Die"

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (May)

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteeds* return for the second time. When *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) is fired, *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) takes his place, leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (May)

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (June)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's mellerdrammer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

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CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

★ CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

Brief Reviews

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense in the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she has only a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (May)

★ DODGE CITY—Warners

As a Western to end all boss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (May)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly—to Ireland! (May)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be an hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a dazed look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (July)

HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful *Hardy* picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go berserk en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousey *Aunt Milly's* romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a *femme fatale* who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (July)

HOUD OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on *Sherlock's* methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored *Sherlock Holmes*, Nigel Bruce, *Watson*, Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (June)

★ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (May)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small rôles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (June)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (July)

(Continued on page 87)

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD

CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN

FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE

ROSEMARY LANE

LOLA LANE

GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ



PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:

"Daughters Courageous"
is superior to
'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
WARNER BROS.



The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!



Sonja **HENIE**
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone



POWER

... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in
Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY **VALLEE**

EDNA MAY **OLIVER**

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

In Charge of Production

Irving Berlin's six new song hits ... "the best he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"

"Song of the Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze...

"Back To Back"



Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!

That Dodge City trip taught Errol Flynn about America—and taught Hollywood about Jean Parker (at right with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane)

\$95 or \$8.95 for a dress? Jane Wyman thinks it over



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ATEN-DOLLAR tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" . . . those two productions, during the last month, made me realize what a good deed Hollywood is doing for itself in its rediscovery of America . . . finding out about you and me, the ordinary ticket buyers, that is, on its location trips for pictures like "Jesse James" . . . on its publicity tours like the premiere of "Dodge City" in the city of that name . . . the tour over the Union Pacific lines to exploit the film, "Union Pacific" . . . Jeanette MacDonald's and Nelson Eddy's concert tours in the cities throughout our wonderfully united United States. . . .

Nelson Eddy told me it was that "united" feeling about our country that struck him more forcibly than anything on the tour he recently completed . . . "No matter where I went, whether to New York, Kansas City or Seattle, I found people united in thought, ideals and action," he said, "so in contrast to Europe where, even in one small country, you discover distinct groups and classes, one in opposition to another."

One listener's response during this tour will affect all Nelson does next winter . . . I'll tell you about that . . . but first I must give you my routine about the ten-dollar tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips". . . .

I was in New York when one of Hollywood's more promising younger players came to town . . . He's no millionaire or star . . . just a particularly swell guy getting along neatly . . . in the course of our meal, he asked if I liked his tie . . . I said that I did, very much indeed . . . it was an excellent tie in excellent taste . . . it looked to me, however, quite like any one of a hundred other ties I have seen . . . I didn't realize it was a de luxe production until the young actor began discussing it. . . .

"I've discovered a little woman who makes these ties for me," he explained. "She makes me a certain number of them each month so that I get them at bargain prices . . . only ten dollars apiece," he said. . . .

Now, where I come from a really big-time tie can be had for two and a half clams while a good daily one costs about one, so the idea of ten shells handed out for one bowknot . . . well, I mean . . . the memory of this newest note of luxury was still with me that evening when I went to the preview of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" . . . the thought that Hollywood's inflated earnings inflated prices so worried me . . . I wondered if this velveteen point of view was what made possible so dull and expensive a movie as "Broadway Serenade," for instance . . . and then that exquisite, heart-stirring "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" began . . . and while watching it, I began thinking about Hollywood's rediscovery of America . . . and concluded through this rediscovery how the movie colony could once more get to know about its own public. . . .

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is pure Hollywood product, despite its English backgrounds and its

all English cast . . . it was the late Irving Thalberg, who first thought of making James Hilton's tender story into a movie . . . the enchanting script was the product of Metro's Hollywood studio . . . Sam Wood, its director, is a Hollywood veteran . . . but the greatness of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" comes, I believe (always allowing for Robert Donat's magnificent performance which must be included in the screen's immortal portrayals, forever) from the blessed reality of it and from its true perspective . . . yet I do not believe this perspective could have been maintained if the film had been made in Hollywood proper . . . that feeling of old traditions, of time always marching on, yet never changing . . . that reflection of the pathos and beauty of life . . . got into the picture from the very fact that it was made in a city where just those values exist . . . that all around the film makers, as they recorded the story of a very average little man, there were in person just such average little men . . . their work done, the actors didn't walk off the set and out into an atmosphere composed in equal parts of ermine capes, sixteen cylinder cars, five thousand dollar a week salaries and ten-dollar ties . . . not that there is any harm in these luxuries . . . we all long for them and would possess them if we could . . . it's only taking them for granted that dulls one's perspective . . . the English actors walked off the set and straight back into the world where men were thankful indeed for the meagerest job and incredibly thrilled when they got together the price of a very simple evening's entertainment. . . .

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" being so fine, that old, silly cry comes up again, "Will London-made movies surpass Hollywood movies?" . . . that is nonsense . . . the equipment, the workers, the

(Continued on page 75)



Tomorrow's Smartest
Fur Fashions in
FEDERAL FOX

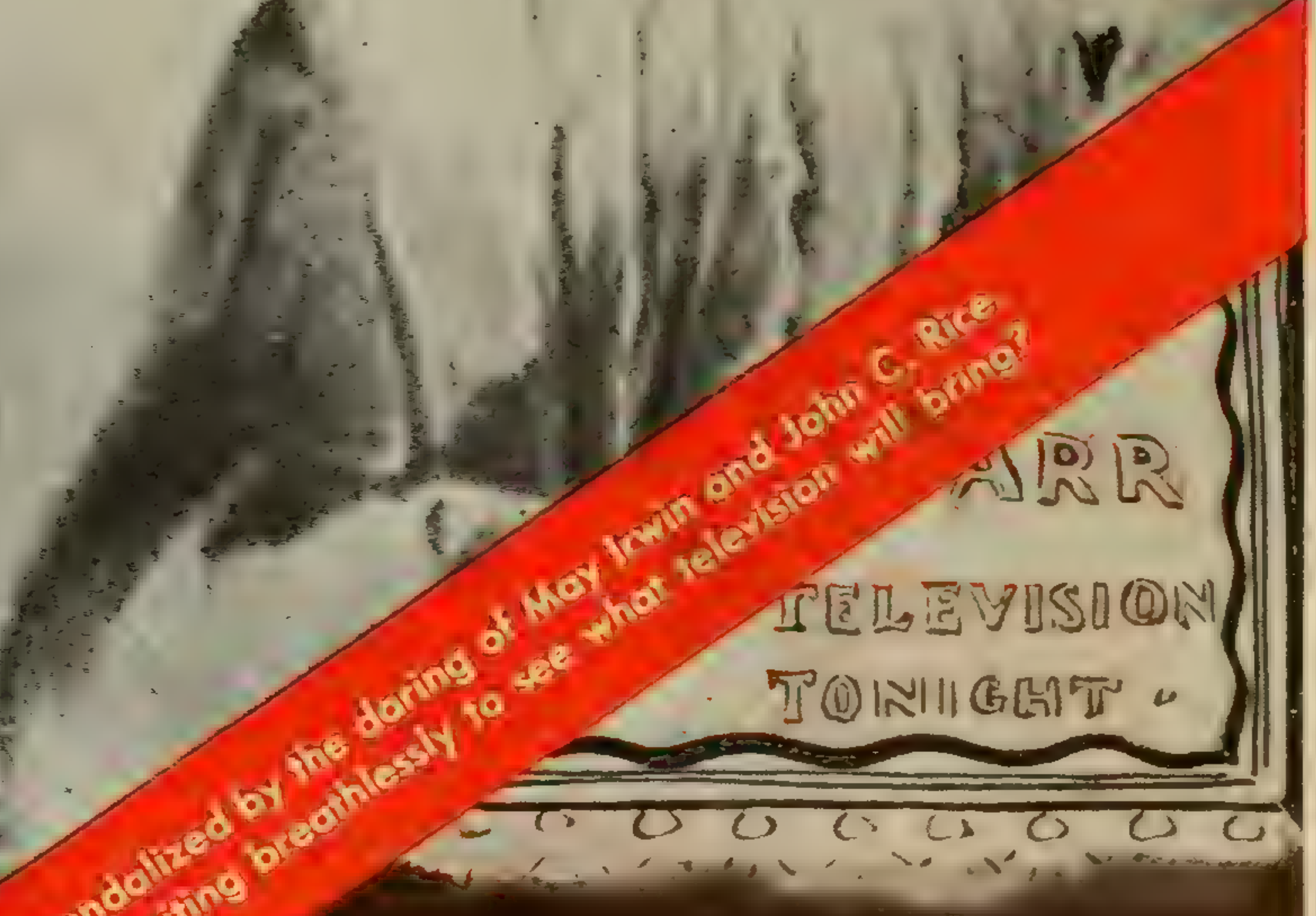
An exciting glance into the future . . . this slim and lovely cape of FEDERAL Fox! Witness the new way the skins are worked . . . the flattering grace of the unbroken line. Notice, too, the natural shoulders and unadorned neck. Most important of all, observe the beauty of the fur. FEDERAL Fox represents specially selected skins that meet a high standard of luxuriousness and frosty loveliness. When you look at furs, it will be well worth your while to ask for FEDERAL Silver Fox; and to find the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It is your assurance of *lasting* beauty. At smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES HAMBURG,
WISCONSIN



1889

Museum of Modern Art Film Library



1939

JUBILEE!

DRAWINGS BY VINCENTINI

HOW TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR

Ex-Husbands

*"Why, I ask the world, is it more correct to hate
than to keep on liking a man you have once loved?"*



"Why can't we be friends?" asks Joan, pictured with her first husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

BY JOAN CRAWFORD AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

WHEN this last April I sought my divorce from Franchot Tone, the presiding judge of the Los Angeles court, Judge Ben Scheinman, expressed a very adverse opinion on my attitude toward the man from whom I was seeking my freedom.

When I said to His Honor, "I hope that I am intelligent enough to be friendly with my husband," I meant it in all sincerity. What I didn't say is what I want to add here, thanks to PHOTOPLAY'S having given me the opportunity to express myself more fully. It is this: I think it is not only intelligent to be friends with your ex-husbands, but I cannot imagine being anything else. Why, I ask the world, should it be considered more correct to hate, rather than to keep on liking, a man whom you have once loved?

Every divorce is a tragedy. Every legal separation represents somebody's heartbreak. We all know that. There is no possible way of arguing any differently. Nevertheless, divorce is no longer an exceptional proceeding. Speaking for America alone, one out of every six of our marriages ends in divorce. Those figures are hideous. They are appalling. In an ideal society, they wouldn't exist. But we are all human beings and those are the facts about our marital situation. There are in this country, according to the 1930 census, 905,697 divorced people. Think of it, 905,697 men and women who once adored each other, now separated. Nearly a million men and women, who once shared love and marriage, now trying to go on alone or to make a go of a new union! The attitude of Judge Scheinman, and many sincere people like him, seems to be that these million people

should forget all the delights and tendernesses, all the dreams they once inspired in one another; that they should, in effect, become enemies. But why? Hate is the most destructive force in the world. Hate has never done one single good thing, either for an individual or for a nation. Why then replace the song of love with the hymn of hate?

Why can't we be friends?

Edouard Bourdet in one of his plays wrote, "There's only one way to love and one way to suffer. It's the same formula for everyone." I believe that is true, but the way we use our love and our suffering to make ourselves greater people, or the world a better place, is, I believe, an individual thing.

MY love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. had all the magic, all the ecstasy, all the exquisiteness that comes with the glory of first love. My love for Franchot was more mature, no less intense, but more intellectual. Yet, the same thing broke up both my marriages. Neither Douglas and I, nor Franchot and I ever had time for our love. Our separate careers, with their toll of hours, energies and jangled nerves, were the forces that destroyed the delicate relationship between us. But not the friendship. I insist upon that. It did not destroy the friendship I am determined to have always with each of them.

I say "I am determined" because I believe it my job, the woman's job, to turn her ex-husband not into an enemy but into a friend. I do not believe any ex-husband is capable of taking the first step in that direction. Men are too proud. Their emotions are too severe to let them be the

one who initially asks the other partner to let bygones be bygones. So what I am saying here, whatever little advice I can give, I'm really giving to women. If some women, whose hearts are heavy with loneliness and disillusion, can profit by it, I shall be very glad.

Every divorced woman, I'm sure, goes through a stage of self-pity. I know I did. It would be much easier for you to hate. You feel betrayed and hurt. You think everyone is pointing you out and calling you a failure at love.

Next, you are so bitterly lonely. Those rooms you once shared with your beloved, that chair for which you two went shopping, those curtains you both decided upon, all seem to be crying out to you. You have a habit of another person in your life, a person of whom you think even before you think of yourself, and now you must break the habit. He is no longer about and you do not know what to do with the time that hangs heavy on your hands. You feel incomplete—a half woman—and you cry and cry and cry.

After you begin to emerge from that mood, you go into the next and more dangerous one. That's the "I'll show him" stuff. That's the spirit in which you decide you are going to let him see that you are attractive to other men, even if he hasn't sense enough to appreciate you. Beware! If you let either of these moods master you, you will get yourself into fearsome trouble. You may actually become just as dreary as you imagine yourself to be or you may, on the rebound, wake up some morning married to a new, wrong person.

The antidotes for these are humor, memories



Joan warns against too early interest in other men—an echo from her brief romance with Charlie Martin?



"Franchot and I had a date together—no one was more amazed than I at the storm of criticism we got for doing so"

"I believe, if they are ever in trouble, they will come to me"

and work. If you're in danger of a rebound, lock yourself up at home with a good set of romantic novels to give your emotions a workout. Otherwise, don't stay home. Work, if you possibly can. See people. Go places. But go in bunches. Don't go around, for six months at least, with only one man. Remember a broken heart is as inaccurate in telling you your real emotions as a broken clock is in telling the correct time.

After you're over being hurt, sit back and remember the nice things about your ex-partner. Recall that romance builds out of beautiful and hectic and breathless moments. The memories of those moments are enough to form the basis for the quieter values of friendship, if you will

but let them. I remember that the first thing I worried about after I stopped crying over Douglas was this: "Who is going to take care of his clothes?" Douglas is one of those people who undresses all over the place. He may leave a tie in the parlor and his shoes on the front lawn. That winter, 1933, he was going to New York and I suddenly realized that he didn't have any woollens with him. I airmailed him socks and mufflers and such to Chicago and when he changed trains he found them waiting for him. He sent me a wire of thanks and thus our friendship was established. After that little exchange, each of us felt free to get in touch with the other when anything interesting or discouraging happened to us. We were no longer being

artificial and nursing our hurts. We could be civilized and kindly toward each other.

When Doug returned to this country a year or so later and took a place down at Malibu, he asked me to call and give him my advice on the decorations. I doted on that. Douglas naturally does charming things. One of the most amusing ones was about a year ago. I ran into him in Hollywood, and I admired a sports coat he was wearing. I said I wished I had one just like it. Instantly Doug took it off and gave it to me, rushing off so fast that I couldn't refuse it, even if I had wanted to, which I certainly didn't.

In average people's existences you hear, occasionally, of some one's leading a "double life."

(Continued on page 81)

Miracle Men

*You can't do a thing with your hair?
Madame, there's not a problem of beauty,
style or charm these experts can't solve*

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DON'T miss by a hairline! For to miss by a hairline—it's your appearance we're talking about, of course—is to miss utterly and completely.

And there's no excuse for missing by a hairline now . . . now that the miracle men and women of Hollywood here divulge the ways and means by which they bring hair to its highest beauty point and keep it there.

The stars themselves have served as guinea pigs that you may be lovelier. For it's only as a result of years of experimentation, some of it made upon the stars, that the studio hairdressers now possess the beauty-giving discoveries they pass on here.

What they say is startling, often. But at no time is it complicated, difficult, or budget-shattering. It's practical advice by which you will bring a new light into the eyes of that man in your life—whether he is lover (that's no trick at all), friend (that's not so easy), or husband of long-standing (that's all there is, there isn't any more!).

Now to impress you with our hairdressing experts:

Guilaroff, wearing a morning coat and striped trousers, was discovered by Joan Crawford in an ultra Fifth Avenue salon. Now he's under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And the Social Register ladies whom he used to make beautiful for luncheons at the Colony and suppers at El Morocco are in a twitter. They write him and call him long-distance pleading that he return to New York. All in vain.

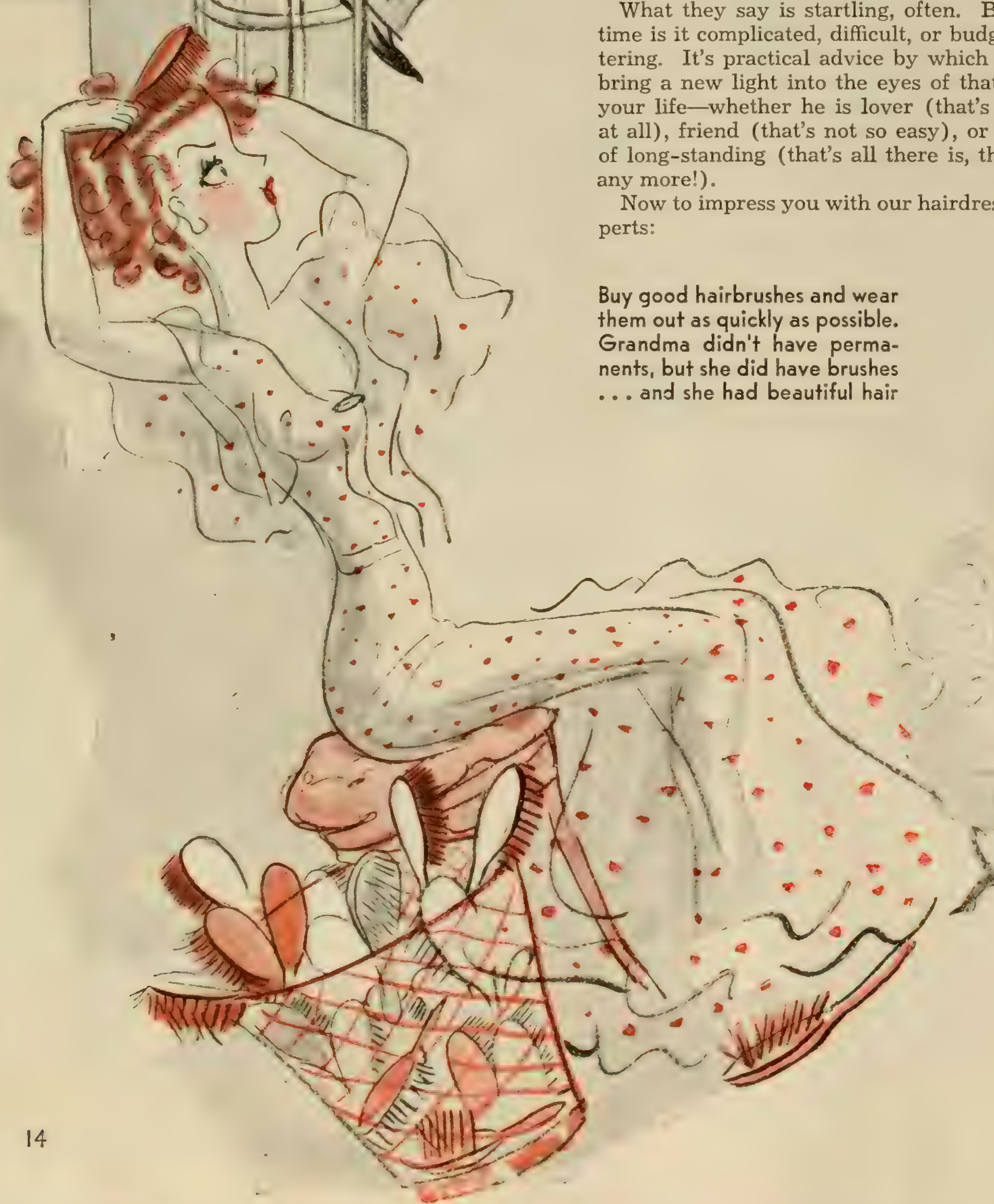
Emily Moore gets gigantic gold stars for the way Deanna Durbin's hair looks today. And Kay Francis', too. She made the first shine on the second curl; when no one else could. And that's only the beginning, folks, that's only the beginning—as anyone you meet in the Moor workrooms at Universal City will quickly and gratefully tell you.

Perc Westmore is back in our line-up this month. For, as the stars who work on the Warner lot testify, he has a positive genius for knowing exactly the basic hairline different faces need.

Jane Romeyn was credited with having a knack for making hair do things when she was a schoolgirl. Her classmates used to flock around

Buy good hairbrushes and wear them out as quickly as possible. Grandma didn't have permanents, but she did have brushes . . . and she had beautiful hair

It's neither a crown, nor a glory, that hair of yours—if it doesn't bring a new light into the eyes of the man in your life



at work

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

begging her to do their hair next. Today, presiding over the hairdressing rooms at Twentieth Century-Fox, she is credited with being an outstanding hair specialist. And it is stars who now flock around begging her to do them next—whether they're going on a set or, more important still at certain beautiful moments, on a date.

Hazel Rogers, of the Selznick Studios, preaches simplicity in hair styles. And it is by practicing what she preaches that she helps girls like Carole Lombard and Vivien Leigh to even greater beauty. We have their enthusiastic word for it.

Wally Westmore, like his brother Perc, is in again. And again we're loud with our welcome. For if Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert and others on the Paramount lot can't get along without him, we can't either.

Enough of this editorial boasting! It's time for our miracle men and women to get to work—to make you lovelier.

LONG MAY IT WAVE

1. Don't have a shampoo before your permanent. The more natural oil there is in your hair at this time the better—for your hair and your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

2. Your permanent won't be permanent if you have it after you've been singing "Sweet Adeline." In fact it pays to climb on the water wagon several days at least before your appointment at your hairdressers. (Perc Westmore)

3. Have your curls permanently waved in the direction in which your coiffure will want them to go and when they are set they will not depart from it. (Jane Romeyn)

4. Some curls should be put in tighter than others. Those on your neck, for instance, where the friction of your collar will do them no good. These curls need more time under the heat, or

more heat. Let your operator decide which it shall be. (Wally Westmore)

5. If you use a dye, a tint, or a rinse on your hair, say so—at the start! Hair colorings, perfected today, do not interfere with a permanent wave if your operator allows for them. (Guilaroff)

IT'S WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR WAVE

1. Don't be misled by the photographs of exotic coiffures you see in the smart magazines. The models who pose for these pictures take their hairdresser to the photographic studio with them so he may comb out their hair and fasten the most difficult curls with hairpins just before they sit for the camera. Attempt any such coiffure for everyday wear and within twenty-four hours, in spite of your best efforts, your hair will look like a haystack. (Hazel Rogers)

2. To get rid of that ghastly wooden look your hair assumes following a set, brush it. This releases the wave and permits your hair to fall back into place. (Hazel Rogers)

3. All hair, even the straightest, has a natural bend in it. Fluff your hair lightly with a comb and you will see where the bend appears. Have your hair set with its bend, not against it. If you don't do this, your hair won't stay properly. And if you do this, you'll be able to brush your hair and it still will spring back into wave. (Jane Romeyn)

4. Keep your hair soft even though it's that high-nose, sophisticated look you're after. For the minute you let your hair appear stiff you add years to your appearance. (Guilaroff)

5. Flat waves that slope downward are depressing. Have no traffic with them. (Guilaroff)

6. If it's a clean, chic, youthful line you want, have your hair set in a backward sweep. (Guilaroff)

7. There always are some women, Heaven help them, who can't decide between swirls and braids and curls. So they combine all three in their coiffure—and their hair looks like a fright wig. Whatever you do with your hair keep it simple. Never let it be more important than any other detail of your appearance. (Hazel Rogers)

8. There isn't such a thing as hair that will not take a wave, even though it's coarse, wiry hair, even though it has been worn in a short straight bob for so long that it has grown stubborn. If you have contrary hair use a setting lotion on it following your shampoo. And while it is doused with this lotion bend a wave in it. Then, when it's entirely dry, spray it with bril-

(Continued on page 78)



Climb on the wagon—if you want your permanent to be that. "Sweet Adeline" and the waving machine don't mix



Don't just brood—if your hair is crimpy and you look like a scarecrow, use your brooding time to improve yourself



Don't lose your perspective—when you tint your hair. You don't want to look like Sadie Thompson, do you?



Don't give yourself a fright wig—just because you like curls and swirls and braids

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SHERMUND



Starring as guinea pigs—those Hollywood glamour girls—so you may be lovelier



Adele suggested doing something about peace and armaments but none of us knew what to do

"A CAUSE"— and Effect

TODAY, with so many world events happening all over, there is no excuse for compromise. A person has to be on the fence or under it.

So Barbara and I have decided to give a Cause Party and we have been very busy trying to find a cause.

My Old Reliable, Henry, says I devote too much time to the fan profession and now that I am rapidly approaching 16 I ought to develop a social consciousness. Of course what is really burning up his sub-conscious is the way I feel about Leslie Howard, and if truth must be told, he is right. I like Henry well enough, and if no one better comes along I might even marry him, in which case I'll be a devoted wife and the mother of his children (2). Nevertheless, Leslie will always have first place in my innermost heart. I have felt this way for some time, but I didn't know it, not having been analytical last year. Now I understand why I sat all through "Hamlet." No one knows about it but Barb, and red-hot irons couldn't drag it out of her, because I have plenty on her. Henry has become rather dictatorial since he became a Senior but I know how to handle him. Many a woman has changed the course of history by being the power under the throne.

So Barb and I had a conference yesterday while skating in the Mall. We've been skating

a lot on acct. of Barb has to do something about her hips. So I told Barb what Hy had said and she was willing to get a social consciousness, but the question arose as to which side of what to be on, Barb having a tendency to isms while I am a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt's policies, though I'm not sure of what they are. Decided to call a meeting of our gang Monday to decide and in the meantime to concentrate on thinking.

Went to Zoo Cafeteria for tomato juice *apèritif*. Barb had two chicken sandwiches also, on acct. she gets hungry when reducing.

In the evening her o.m. took us to "Union Pacific." It was a pleasure to watch him enjoy the injuns and sheriffs. His generation is rather naïf. He said it reminded him of Bill Hart, whoever that was. Barb rebounded from Basil Rathbone to Brian Donlevy. Her penchant for villains is getting positively morbid (or is it moribund? Must look it up.) When Humph Bogart was honeymooning in New York she sent him flowers, which I think was rather tactless.

Saw "Wuthering Heights" four times. If they get out a book version of the picture, I'm going to read it.

MEETING this aft.

PRESENT: Muriel, Adele, Dot, Barb and Ye Scribe.

BUSINESS: Discussion of how to improve world.

REFRESHMENTS: Chocolate layer cake and orange punch made by Lilybud, who is very interested in my activities. (She is going to start a fan club for Rex Ingram & I'm going to help her.)

Barb thought we ought to give a Cause Party for refugees (male).

Adele suggested doing something about peace and armaments, but none of us knew what to do. We discussed the matter to and fro and the only thing all factions agreed on was that we give a party. Somehow it got to be 6:30 and Lilybud had to set the table so the meeting was kicked out. Pops came home as they were leaving and started wisecracking as usual. He said we ought to form a Charlie McCarthy Club and collect shavings. The girls think he's funny. We are meeting tomorrow at Barb's.

WE have found a cause.

We are starting a new club which will be very exclusive, and which will have a social consciousness, as follows:

Even the stars who have money and glamour, etc. make mistakes like other people and sometimes don't know who their real friends are. So we have decided to devote ourselves to helping them solve their problems. We are objec-

Your pet autograph fiend, Jane Lyons, goes into battle for Bette Davis—with unforeseen results!

BY LILLIAN DAY

tive and have their best interests at heart. All they have to do is to write us and we will weigh their problems and advise them what to do. After all, we predicted about Joan and Franchot years ago, but did they listen to us? We have our opinion about what Carole can do to make a success of her marriage with Clark and if she will write us we will help her. We are going to get a filing cabinet (from Pop's office) and keep all sorts of information on file in case needed. They can come to us at any time for advice on love, marriage, contracts, rôles, etc., and we shall give them our best attention with no charge whatever.

Haven't decided on name yet.

I am to be president because it was my idea, and Adele will be sec'y because she has a mimeograph. Dot is Contact Woman as she is tall and can push her way through crowds. Barb didn't want to be vice president, but I convinced her how important it was, and that she could also do lobbying at the premières. We five will be Associate members, as we associate together. Members out of New York will be Contributing Members. We are only going to accept outstanding fans who know stars in person or who have unusual qualifications. We are making the dues prohibitive (\$2.50). Next meeting tomorrow.

Dot knows a marvelous woman down at the La Gitane Tea Room who reads tea leaves for a quarter. She told her lots of things that were absolutely true. We're going down tonight. Barb won't go to fortune tellers. She says it's just superstition and besides it's bad luck. This is the first difference of opinion Barb and I have ever had, she always agreeing with me until she

met Franz. I'm not telling her what I think of him because she might misunderstand my motives, but he is looking for a job in her father's office and those Europeans would even marry for a job or a fortune. Besides he drinks coffee with whipped cream and she has no will power and is getting to look like Mae West from the rear. But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says "Küss die Hand" (kiss the hand) and he says he doesn't like thin girls. I'm getting worried.

Have prepared questionnaire for membership:

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. NAME (print or type).....
2. DATE OF BIRTH.....
3. Height.....Weight.....Coloring.....
Type (in terms of screen stars).....
4. Hobbies..... Collections.....
5. Occupation (if still at school, leave blank).....
6. What stars have you met in person.....
7. Give details
8. Favorite movies
1..... 8..... 15..... 22.....
2..... 9..... 16..... 23.....
3..... 10..... 17..... 24.....
4..... 11..... 18..... 25.....
5..... 12..... 19..... 26.....
6..... 13..... 20..... 27.....
7..... 14..... 21..... 28.....
9. Favorite books
1..... 2.....
10. Favorite dessert

That ought to be a pretty good test of their I.Q. French exam tomorrow. Guess I'll cram a couple of French movies tonight.

MINUTES

An informal meeting of GUIDING STARS was held at the house of the President, Miss Jane Lyons. Formalities of elections were dispensed with as the president appointed the officers, including herself. The name of the club was selected out of a hat (Breton sailor with violets), each member having brought one name.

was

Dues collected and arrangements made were

for ordering stationery with Office of the President in the corner.

The first problem was taken up and discussed, namely to use every means available to prevent Bette Davis from getting married for several years. It is feared that she may do something rash on a rebound. Being the world's greatest actress we feel she must devote herself to her career, because she has a responsibility to her fans. We don't mind her going out with men occasionally, but we object to her falling in love. Of course in years to come she may want a home and children. Then she should marry a man who is a combination of Leslie Howard, Anthony Eden and Sir Cedric Hardwick, if such can be found. A petition is to be drafted to this effect, signed by all members and B.D. fans and sent out to her.

It was also moved and seconded that if she is known to go out with the same man too often, a letter will be sent to him warning him to lay off.

The club next considered what to do about Geraldine Fitzgerald's husband. He is being kept in the dark in Ireland and we think he ought to come out in the open. If we hear of anyone falling for her we consider it our duty to inform him that she is happily married.

Naturally we think anonymous letters are contemptible, so we shall sign our first names.

The President's father crashed the meeting
(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH



But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says "Küss die Hand" and he says he doesn't like thin girls

NIGHT LIFE

OF THE HOLLYWOOD GODS

SOMEONE said: "Watch London . . . with so many successful pictures being produced nowadays in England, the first thing we know London will become a Hollywood-on-the-Thames."

I say: "Not in a billion years."

Do I question the fine quality of the latest English pictures? I do not. But I know my London. London is London and Hollywood is Hollywood and never the twain shall meet. London is a city where natives are entertained by visitors. Hollywood is a city where visitors expect and demand to be entertained by natives. Hang a lamb chop outside your door in London and watch their Lordships make a beeline for it. While in Hollywood . . . Well, in Hollywood, nothing shorter than "a party to finish all parties" can assure the hostess of a good attendance.

Of all the cities on earth, Hollywood is the most difficult one in which to give a party. Not only are the Hollywood people accustomed to the very, very best in music, food and entertainment, but that famous device of taking one's guests "out" and unloading one's responsibility on a restaurant or a night club does not work in Hollywood. It works beautifully in Paris, London and New York but it simply refuses to work in Hollywood.

Why is that? Because, unlike Paris, London or New York, Hollywood refuses to be faithful to its night clubs

Back again! The world's most noted authority on gay social life—giving us her own amusing and strictly off-the-record findings about filmdom society

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Constance Collier (with Leslie Howard, Ralph Forbes) charms as hostess



"Most elaborate dinners west of the Hudson" are given by the Darryl Zanucks (pictured with Boyer, David Selznick)



Popular David Niven takes Loretta Young to popular Lamaze's



Arthur and Myrna Loy Hornblow—
famous for their "Sunday afternoons"



Connie Bennett, party-giving
artiste, with the Fairbanks,
Seniors, leaders of society



the hostess Kay Francis with the Jack Warners, who make the most of their luxurious home

and restaurants. A Rip van Winkle need not fear that he would be unable to locate his friends in New York. All he has to do the moment he is fully awake is to summon a taxi and say "21" or "The Stork" or "The Colony"—and ten minutes later our Rip van Winkle will behold the selfsame people whom he used to know way back in the days when grandfather had measles. How about Hollywood? Well, let's consider the case of Hollywood.

Right at this moment there are three popular night clubs in Hollywood. Two of them are yet to celebrate their first anniversary. What happened to the night clubs of yesterday, to those greatly ballyhooed places that were expected to outlast the Grand Canyon? Failed . . . Folded up . . . Went broke . . . Why? There is no "why." Simply—"that's the motion-picture business for you." Back in New York there are

likewise three popular night clubs at this moment. One of them is a newcomer, but the other two are older, quite a bit older than Repeal.

HOW about the restaurants? The Hollywood ones and the New York ones? Well, of some half a dozen smart and successful restaurants in Hollywood only one or two can remember the days when Herbert Hoover was President of the United States. The others are young enough to make Deanna Durbin look and feel like a veteran. Where, oh, where are the glittering Embassies, the Montmartres and all those other places where everybody who was anybody in the industry had either to appear at least once a week or run the risk of not being mentioned in the columns? Where are they, indeed? Nobody knows. What sent them out of business? Nothing, except that "that's the motion-picture busi-

ness for you!" How about New York? There are exactly three really smart and successful, if a bit expensive, restaurants in New York. The youngest of them is fourteen years old, the oldest was already in existence when we decided to make the world safe for democracy.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is that. The Tale of Two Cities in a nutshell. A tabloid edition of the comparative history of the dancing and eating habits of East and West. If New York is fickle, then Hollywood is plain wacky. One woman's opinion? Not at all. The proprietors of "21," in New York, than whom there are no shrewder judges of what will and what won't click with the limousine trade, spent several years toying with the idea of opening a branch in Hollywood. Once upon a time they even leased an empty lot in Beverly Hills and had a set of beautiful blueprints drawn. They wound up, however, by retreating to their abode in West Fifty-second Street in New York. Why? Because not only did they become convinced that no "habit," with the possible exception of that of not "taking up an option," can last for more than a year in Hollywood, but they realized likewise that the failure of their branch in Hollywood would affect the mother house in New York. The selfsame stars, producers, directors, writers, et al. who think nothing today of being pushed around at "21" in New York would be sure to say:

"Oh, we've had enough of that joint in Hollywood. Let's go somewhere else."

(Continued on page 83)

YOUNG

in Heart

That's our own Child Roland—who dotes on canes, and doodles the dippiest drawings in Cinema City

BY SARA HAMILTON

THERE is a saying in Hollywood to the effect that when very very bad little writers die, they go to Roland Young—for an interview; the obvious implication being that they must pay for their sins on earth and, therefore, deserve the punishment of trying to probe from Mr. Young a few plain statements of fact. Or even fiction; they'll settle for anything. It isn't that Mr. Young is annoyed or even surprised at the shades in action, for as *Topper* he's been haunted by the loveliest, and is quite used to it. Nor is it that Mr. Young is exactly unwilling to impart information. The truth is he is most co-operative, even eager to aid in every way. Only nothing concrete ever materializes.

That, you see, is the HELL of it.

His inborn English reticence (he'll scoff) is constantly at war with his willingness to be noised about (if he must be) and the result is plain fantastic. The writer, pad in hand, begins:

"Mr. Young, I believe, you were born—"

"Yes, but I wouldn't bring that in. I mean—couldn't we just sort of work around that?" interrupts the actor.

Instantly, the writer senses that something special in the way of whimsy-pooch has just blown her way and she had better take a firm hand in the beginning.

"Mr. Young, I am not going to work around your birth anything of the sort," she says. "Either you were born or you weren't. It's your duty to tell the public which."

Mr. Young quietly picks up a pad and pencil and draws the picture of a bee—in profile.

This strange interruption over, the writer proceeds. "Mr. Young," she begins, hoping to spur him into action of some sort, "you are supposed to be a very funny man. Say something witty, please."

Mr. Young turns the paper over and draws a picture of a bee—full face. It's the image of Marie Wilson in a Dutch cap.

Then Mr. Young smiles that smile of bland innocence for all the world like the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland." In fact, the idea that maybe Mr. Young is somebody from the "Alice" world grips one's fancy. He's as dressy as the White Rabbit, as smugly resigned to his fate as the Frog footman and as tea-time struck as the Mad Hatter. Finally, we decide that with a pair of tusks Mr. Young would make as pretty and as cute a Walrus as ever walked

hand in hand with a Carpenter and ate up little oysters. But all this time, mind you, we're afraid to say a word, a single word, for fear he'll begin his drawing.

He does anyhow. This time, it's an elephant with an extended rear leg upon which is perched a canary.

"A female," Mr. Young explains, admiring the bird on its peculiar perch. Which reminds us of his never-to-be-forgotten verse in his own book, "Not for Children":

Here comes the happy bounding flea
You cannot tell the HE from SHE
The sexes look alike you see,
But SHE can tell and so can HE.

In an attempt to get the interview on a working basis, we make a list of every fact he thinks (and
(Continued on page 72)



No telling what mischief Roland and Bob Benchley are plotting at left! It's certain to be bloodcurdling



Not fugitives from a hangover, these droll little beasties — just examples of what the innocent Young interviewer is up against!

THE WIZARDRY OF

OZ



The magic of modern movie-making at its miracle best breathes life into that beloved classic of childhood

BY DIXIE WILLSON

AND so M-G-M's art department was given a script labeled "Wizard of Oz"; a movie script of that wondrous book, that grave and gay mixture of nonsense and philosophy which for forty years has been a juvenile best seller.

At last it was to be breathed into life in as miraculous fashion as ever story or picture imprisoned on film; the fantasy of a little lady from Kansas whom the tail of a cyclone transports to the mystical kingdom of those three musketeers, the *Scarecrow*, the *Cowardly Lion* and the *Tin Woodman*.

Soon there would take place in the huge city of M-G-M's studio, such breath-taking, unbelievable sights as would have the very stars standing on the side lines to stop, look and listen! For where else, if ever, could eyes behold flying houses, apple trees which pelt you with apples, men whose complexions are green and whose heads are square! A forest of jitterbug trees! Horses in the gayest shades of the rainbow! Judy Garland whisked away by a cyclone! A fairy city built of emeralds!

The magic of modern motion-picture making at its miracle best! And beginning, of course, in the art department from whence all pictures start; that practical, hard-boiled, down-to-earth art de-



Sights, unbelievable and breath-taking, are what you catch on this set visit where the Wizard of Oz, Frank Morgan (above); the Cowardly Lion, Bert Lahr; the Tin Woodman, Jack Haley; the Scarecrow, Ray Bolger; the Good Fairy (left), Billie Burke and Dorothy, Judy Garland bring enchantment to this delightful fantasy



While Dixie Willson explored the re-creation of Munchkinland on the M-G-M sound stages, our fashion editor tracked down Adrian and arranged for this advanced showing of the brilliant costume designs reproduced here and described by Miss Walters on the opposite page

partment, where dreams are not only dreamed but come true; where cities, even whole countries are created for the asking.

"So they gave us a script," smiled handsome, brawny Art Director Cedric Gibbons, "in which a little girl from Kansas lives a great adventure in a country of her own imagination. But neither in the script nor in the original book was there any description to indicate along what lines her imagination might build such a country! Which left us, first of all, to do some imagining ourselves!

"Take one scene of the fifty, for instance, the country the book calls 'Munchkinland,' to be inhabited by 'very tiny people called *Munchkins*.' To fashion a 'Munchkinland' which a little girl from Kansas might have dreamed, we began with a premise that the smallest things she had ever seen were probably ants. And how do ants live? Under grass and tree roots. So with toadstools and anthills as our architectural pattern, we made proportionately larger grass and flowers, such as, for instance, hollyhocks twenty feet tall."

So much for a thumbnail bit of the "Oz" problems of the art department. And remaining a moment longer in "Munchkinland," what about *Munchkins* to people this delightful place?

During Producer Mervyn LeRoy's entire shooting schedule for "Oz," the *Munchkins*, finally assembled, were the gayest detail of all. In response to a call sent out by Casting, midgets from all over the world came tramping to Hollywood; little midgets, middle-sized midgets, lady midgets, gentlemen midgets, midget graduates of Universities, a midget window demonstrator from Chicago . . . The littlest ones smoking the biggest cigars, eating the largest pieces of pie.

But the midgets, while perhaps the *jolliest* casting problem, were not the most difficult. Midgets, after all, are easy to find, but not so the frowzy little mutt who was to play the longest screen rôle ever written for a dog! Through the entire hour and a half of picture he appears in every scene! He will be remembered in the book as *Toto*; the illustrations showing a bright-eyed Cairn terrier. After many tests and long consideration, the rôle was entrusted to an engaging little girl dog named Terry who, as boy dog *Toto*, has delivered a superlative performance.

In Hollywood, Terry's owner and trainer, Mr. Carl Spitz, conducts a kindergarten, grammar school, high school and college for canines.

But, though Terry enjoys acting, the "Oz" rôle was something else again, the strangest background she has ever been called upon to understand! Our lady *Toto* found it obviously distressing, then suddenly everything was forgotten in complete devotion to the *Scarecrow*, the *Lion*, and the *Tin Woodman*.

(Continued on page 88)

An exclusive presentation of fashions that are destined to influence milady's wardrobe. Designed by—

S. S. Schuman

6

7

8

9

FANTASY IN FASHION

BY GWENN WALTERS

THE influences that sway the world of fashion have been many, ranging from the brilliant colors of a Van Gogh masterpiece through the surrealism of Salvador Dali, the discoveries of archaeologists in ruined temples, cataclysmic world events, famous books, the primitive attire of hula dancers!

In 1939 some of the major fashion influences have been derived from the supermodern New York World's Fair, and the more intimate Golden Gate International Exposition—Treasure Island, with its scintillating colors, marine murals and sculpture.

Now comes a motion picture that seems fated to have its fantasy in costume duplicated, not as a whole, but in subtle, exquisite and whimsical details, in fall fashions.

The production is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Wizard of Oz," produced in Technicolor, and PHOTOPLAY takes pride in presenting on these pages reproductions of Adrian's original sketches of the fairylike, frolicsome and sprightly costumes that will be an outstanding feature of this fantasy.

So come with me to The Land of Oz—tread on its imaginative ground and greet its quaint and noble little people. You will love the freedom and abandon of their fanciful and colorful clothes; and readily see how Dame Fashion will adopt many of their silhouettes and details to dramatize the clothes you will wear.

1. "The Braggart Townsman" struts in garb of Stuyvesant mood to suggest new design for coats, collars and accessories. His circular box jacket has new dash as it swings from a stiffly

(Continued on page 88)



For one thing, of course, she has Ty himself! Read about Annabella (left, ready to join Ty for their honeymoon) and get a liberal education in charm

Mrs. TYRONE POWER—

WHAT'S SHE GOT WE HAVEN'T GOT?

BY SALLY REID

AND so *they* were married and we all lived unhappily ever afterward. For it took one little French girl to walk off with our prize catch of Hollywood, Tyrone (how could you?) Power.

When Tyrone led Annabella to the altar (mademoiselle wore blue) the united torchbearers of America raised their feminine voices in one long prolonged wail (I yelled the loudest) of "What has she got that we haven't got?"

Well, for one thing, we grudgingly admit, she has Tyrone. But why has she? That's the catch. That's the little colored boy in the woodpile. And that's exactly the riddle I set out to solve by finding out a few facts, a few choice bits to pass on to American girls for future references. There's still Jimmy Stewart left, you know. To say nothing of Dick Greene.

To begin with, bless our souls, Annabella cuts her own hair. And never wears a hat. She has the best-looking coiffure in town and looks better minus a hat than nine-tenths of us do in our latest hysterics in straw.

She stands before the mirror. Now, down the

center of her head she draws a part, carefully brushing the hair on both sides back from her face. Then she picks up the manicure scissors (no others will do) and snip, snip, snip the curls fall like snow in "Way Down East" and Annabella is left with an inch and a half of the cutest ringlets all around her face.

"That's the best-looking hair-do in town," I heard a man say to her at a party the other night.

She wasn't sure of the word "hair-do" (where do we get these weird expressions?), but she knew it was a compliment by the gleam in his eyes (she knows about gleams).

THE only time she has worn a hat in a coon's age was at her own wedding. A sort of concession to formality, as it were.

"The hat makers don't like me," she laughed (throatily, but boyishly), "but I feel so much better without one. With a hat on my head I feel stuffy—as if I weren't free. Besides, in the shop it looks nice on me—the veil hangs just so and the ribbon falls just right, but as soon as I move about everything is wrong—the veil hangs badly and the ribbons get in the way. No, I like to be free."

That, I may say, is the character keynote to

the girl who married Ty. A girl who likes to be free from unnecessary trimmings, emotional trimmings that hamper the freedom of character and thought and deed.

Ah, yes, I found out many things, my hearties. Many things.

Like a child, Annabella has an enormous capacity for living—each moment at a time. Filling that minute with all the life she can crowd into it. Or taking from that minute all the life it has to offer. Enjoying the now. Living in the present. Reveling in little things. Getting a kick out of them. Like the porch furniture up in their bedroom.

You see, Annabella and Ty wanted to move into their new house (the one they bought from Grace Moore) as soon as they were married, and they didn't let the fact that they had no furniture, except a bed, stop them. Lilliputian conventions that manacle so many young married moderns will never trap these two, you can bet. Annabella carts up the green porch furniture, a piece at a time, and fills the bedroom with green wicker and flowers from the garden, and if it were Louis the Sixteenth at its satiny grandest, she couldn't be happier. But then, look who sleeps there.

(Continued on page 74)

Turn the page and join Sonja Henie and
Cary Grant at Elsa Maxwell's gay party

THE Camera SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



SHE

COMES TO THE AID OF YOUR PARTY

Time: an early summer evening.
Place: Connie Bennett's home.
Heroines: Constance (who has
given some bang-up parties by
herself) and Elsa, hostesses.
Hero: Darryl Zanuck, who pro-
duced Elsa's debut picture—
and dared to give her strict
orders not to diet, lest she
lose the charm that made her
the toast of two continents!

Aristocratic Guest of Honor:
England's charming Duchess of
Westminster. Dinner Partners:
Ronald Colman and Randy
Scott. (Don't tell us it doesn't
pay to be guest of honor in
filmland!) Scenario: Elsa proves
to skeptical Hollywood—whose
own brand of parties she de-
scribes on page 18—that she
merits her reputation as the
world's champion party-giver!



Photoplay's new writer
Elsa Maxwell, Doctor of
Gaiety to Café Society,
gives film colony night
life a shot in the arm!



1. Newlyweds Tyrone and Annabella Power (see story on page 24) greet Constance Collier. That's Charles Boyer at left

2. Unretouched illustration of the gaiety à la Maxwell management, unposed by Claudette Colbert and Cesar Romero

3. Prime example of matrimonial felicity —Dick and Joan Blondell Powell—who still prefer to dance with each other

4. What's this? We thought we saw Sonja Henie dancing with Cary Grant just as we came in! Now, it's Randolph Scott

5. Hyman Fink, whose never-failing eagle camera scooped up all these pictures, catches a quick one of the Jack Oakies





Probably no one was more amused than thrice-married Miriam Hopkins herself, assigned to a film called "The Old Maid." However, it's co-star Bette Davis who carries the title rôle—and Miriam's next for Warners' will bear the somewhat happier name of "We Are Not Alone."



Columbia's gem of the ocean of starlets—Joy Hodges. Undergraduates of the famed university elected her their own "Yumphy Girl." Universal topped that with the title of her next film, "Bachelor's Baby"—referring, however, not to the campus queen, but to infant Sandy Henville

WELCOME BACK, BEAU GESTE!





A baker's dozen of years ago, a new kind of romance came to the screen—the drama of brother love, with hardly a feminine ankle in the cast. Even as Valentino lay in state, this epic of sand and sun lent stature to such careers as Bill Powell's and Vic McLaglen's. Today, Paramount is giving us another "Beau Geste," complete with speech—and Ray Milland, Gary Cooper (also at far left), Robert Preston (below), Brian Donlevy (above) in the rôles created by Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Noah Beery. The spirit of chivalry once more rides the Sahara!





BIOGRAPH GIRL: Her adorers of 1909 didn't know her by the name of Florence Lawrence



THE VAMP: She gave the public a taste for leopard skins, couches and seductive wiles—the screen's first siren, the incomparable Theda Bara



AMERICA'S SWEET-HEART: Like her kitten, Mary Pickford held us all in the palm of her hand



ECSTASY GIRL: Outstanding example of modern glamour—the pulse-quickenning Hedy Lamarr



THE ORCHID LADY: Patrician beauty of the early '20's; essence of refinement—lovely Corinne Griffith

from



SARONG GIRL: A minimum of clothes gave Dorothy Lamour a maximum of fame and a title she wants changed

*Since the screen's infant days,
the "It" girls have made names
for themselves—as Photoplay's
history of titled ladies reveals*



PLATINUM BLONDE: The crowning glory of glorious Jean Harlow made history

IT GIRL: The rah-rah era personified by the wink of titian-headed Clara Bow



OOMPH GIRL: Sultry sex returns in the shape of the shapely siren, Annie Sheridan

VAMP" TO
"Oomph"



Brian Aherne . . . almost the last of our bachelors . . . didn't want to go on the stage but became a Broadway idol, opposite Katharine Cornell . . . didn't want to make movies and is now the toast of the town in "Juarez," "Captain Fury"

Hurrell



The classic understatement of all time—"Dr. Livingstone, I presume"—lives again in Spencer Tracy's voice, as he unearths the lost explorer in "Stanley and Livingstone" for 20th Century-Fox



Laraine Day of Utah—and the cast of "Tarzan Finds a Son"



Isa Miranda of Italy—once a champion typist, now Paramount's Glamour Girl



Virginia Grey of Hollywood—once a stand-in but now one of "The Women"

DAMSELS



Susan Hayward of Brooklyn—"Beau Geste's" only girl (Mary Brian's rôle in the original)

DEMAND

Opportunity's summoned
this alluring quintet
from every point of the
compass—proof that all
roads lead to filmland

Joan Perry of Florida—now learning that "Good Girls Go to Paris"





ERROL FLYNN

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE probably holds the Hollywood matrimonial record for being separated and reunited.

He would have made a magnificent roustabout had he not been born good-looking.

He has no particular ambitions beyond a lust for life.

His full name is Sean Errol Flynn.

He was born in a stone farmhouse at Antrim, Ireland, and he is very fond of highly seasoned food.

He was nineteen years old when he aided in the delivery of babies in New Guinea. He enjoys eating any variety of sea food.

He is a grim realist, and he has never had a tooth extracted. He does not like flowers in his bedroom.

He is a congenital loafer, he rebels against routine, and he never touches hard liquor.

He was impelled to visit war-torn Spain over a year ago by an overwhelming desire to know the truth at firsthand. He came back with a violent loathing for Fascism.

He likes to drink beer but does not do so because of an aversion to large stomachs. His knowledge of the graphic arts is almost zero, and he prefers tea to coffee.

He has a happy-go-lucky attitude towards the future, and he never wears a hat.

He never plans ahead.

He never gets seasick.

His viewpoints are marked by skepticism, and his body is straight and slim. He alternates with pipe, cigars, cigarettes.

He believes the World War and its aftermath brought out a greater social consciousness in the world. He does not like night clubs, and never collects souvenirs.

He plays golf very badly.

He is a fatalist.

He dislikes hunting for sport chiefly because at one time he had to live by it. He was terrified of girls when he was a boy.

He prefers belts to suspenders, he is a heavy sleeper, and he likes to eat in places where there is music and dancing.

His hair is brown, and he thinks life has been more than good to him.

He is ranked second only to Frank Shields by Hollywood's tennis addicts.

(Continued on page 85)

OF A MAN WHO GOES PLACES

Very bad cook, class one loafer, hater of ticking clocks—he's the delight and dilemma of Hollywood

The camera captures Sean Errol Flynn aboard his great passion—the yacht Sirocco. Pictorial record of a man who loves his work because it lets him buy boats and go sailing with wife Damita and bosom pals, champion archer Howard Hill and Guinn Williams





СОВЕТ

Is this higher education—in Goldwyn's "Music School"? Or the spellbinding violin of Jascha Heifetz—making his film debut in the same picture? Or just the screen reunion of Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds—who did such a swell job together in "Youth Takes a Fling"? (Privately, however, Joel's devoted to a lovely wife—Frances Dee—and young Andrea's devoted to a promising career)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY

GWENN WALTERS



Sonja Henie, currently appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Second Fiddle," models a first fall suit of red shadow-checked woolen—a costume which could claim top honors as a campus fashion. The short jacket, which tops the flared bias skirt, buttons straight up the front to high revers. The navy velours hat, with smart upturned brim, is pierced by a red quill. A navy sweater and navy accessories complete Sonja's costume which was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. This photograph was taken on the porch of Sonja's beautiful Bel-Air home.



Edith Head designed this two-piece navy blue faille suit with white faille blouse for Madeleine Carroll to wear in Paramount's "Are Husbands Necessary?" The collar of the blouse trims the collarless neckline of the peplum jacket. The navy blue Kasha topcoat (sketched below) has princess lines, a single button closing and wide revers that are accented with white binding. Daché designed the draped blue silk jersey hat. Miss Carroll's studio-designed clothes, on these two pages, are not available in the shops.



MIDSUMMER MODES

Madeleine also wears this pale pink mousseline evening gown in "Are Husbands Necessary?" The skirt fabric is printed with clusters of black violets. Edith Head, its designer, stresses the nipped-in, higher waistline which she accents with a girdle and sash of black velvet—the same fabric which fashions the short jacket that completes this evening costume (sketched below). Note the cluster of pink violets that finishes the neckline, and the wide waistband. Don't miss this Paramount picture which centers around the life of a fashion career girl and features twenty costume changes



TOPPERS

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Paulette Goddard and Jane Bryan pose in early fall coats that are perfect inspiration for the coat that will meet the demand for career girl, coed or young matron for travel, street or sport. Edith Head designed the chalk-striped, navy blue imported woolen model for Paulette Goddard to wear in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary." The circle neckline is piped with white and fastened with a jeweled pin. Miss Head's sketch (below) shows the frock Paulette wears beneath. The flaring skirt is of navy woolen—the jacket of white. Miss Goddard will soon appear in M-G-M's "The Women"

Morrison



Orry-Kelly designed Jane Bryan's beige, brown and white checked imported English tweed topcoat with casual roll collar, flaring skirt and front belt for her to wear in Warner Brothers' production, "Each Dawn I Die." The insert photograph (left) shows the unusual design interest that individualizes the ballless back of the coat—the center seam releases into radiating tucks above the waistline and into an inverted pleat below the fitted hip-line. The quilted designed coats shown on these two pages are now available in the shops

Welbourne



Barbara poses in her first trousseau—fashions exclusively for Photoplay—two all-suede costumes especially designed for her by Voris. She wears an amber colored jacket suit contrasted by a Mojave brown tuck-in blouse and brimmed, high-crown swagger hat. The copious bag is amber in deeper hue than the suit. Barbara is currently appearing in Columbia's "Golden Boy"

Schofer

SUÈDES FOR MRS.

ROBERT



Barbara's second all-suede costume boasts flashing color and a gathered culotte skirt set on a deep waistband. The laced coat styled after a hunting jacket is scarlet; the tuck-in blouse, cypress green; the culottes, brown—the off-the-face hat is deep purple. If you wish further information concerning these suede costumes, write direct to Voris, 8618 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California

Schofer

TAYLOR

frocks

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

Helen Parrish, appearing in Universal's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," models woolen University frocks that are fashion winners and budget triumphs. A zipper purse slung onto the belt lends trick and practical detail to Helen's green and brown plaid frock (top). The hat, from Helen's personal wardrobe, is brown felt. Helen dresses in the mood of a Scotch lassie (center) in an authentic Royal Stewart clan plaid with a matching over-the-shoulder bag, a typical Scotch cap of felt and grosgrain ribbon (Debway model). The belt of self-fabric has an inset of patent and this shining accent is repeated in the handle of the bag. The olive green frock (right) features a high waistline, a high, pointed neckline and a pocket motif and shoulder epaulets of self-fabric cording. With it Helen wears a brown suède hat with green suède crown and alligator bag and shoes selected from her personal wardrobe. All of these frocks have swing skirts and all are of pure woolen. Walter Wanger borrowed Helen from Universal to appear in "Winter Carnival"

ENROLL FOR COLLEGE DAYS



Erl of Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, designed Ann Sheridan's gold colored two-piece woolen frock with contrast trim of brown grosgrain ribbon for her to wear in Walter Wanger's "Winter Carnival." Ann combines it here with two changes of accessories to show how it may alternate for sports or dressy wear. The photograph above shows the frock worn with a brown of brown silk jersey (the cone-shaped crown is of beaver) and a choker necklace and matching bracelet of gold. Ann wears it with a brown kidskin bag and brown kidskin and suède gloves. Her "Three Little Fishies" bracelet and lapel pin are novel costume jewelry pieces created by Roger of Hollywood. A matching bar pin (above left) clearly shows the fish motif that is embossed on spun aluminum. This "Three Little Fishies" jewelry is available at I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Marshall Field, Chicago and B. Altman, New York. Ann is also appearing in "Devil on Wheels" for Warners, her home studio. If you wish further information about Ann's chic studio designed frock and hats, write direct to Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, California



The story that period pictures more and more influence modern fashions finds added proof each day in Hollywood. The gowns designed for Marjorie Weaver to wear as Mary Todd in 20th Century-Fox's "Young Mr. Lincoln," so convinced her of the charm and femininity of that period that she included a modern adaptation of the era in her summer wardrobe. It's a flounced, full-skirted frock of white organdie, printed in tiny quaint floral bouquets of pink and green. Narrow black velvet ribbons hold the ruffled drop-shoulder décolletage and mark the front of the bodice. Marjorie's gown was designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles. It's available in The Campus Shop, The May Company, Los Angeles.

Kornman

It can't be love—neither Bette Davis nor George Brent took off the specs when Hymie turned his lens on them at Café Lamaze



GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Frothier than sea foam; flavored with spice—this amusing chatter from your favorite tea-tattler

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



There's cause for Gene Raymond's grin—it was "Let Me Always Sing," his own little number, whipped up specially for Jeanette's concert tour, that won the most applause

Dampened Spirits

AN important but rather cynical visitor from London, who had heard of the wonders (mostly exaggerated) of the cinemah village, is returning home with firsthand stories that pale into insignificance the tales that seep into the hinterlands concerning Hollywood. And all because Hollywood can laugh at itself.

For instance, while the visitor was seated in a Warner projection room watching a torrid love scene, the automatic sprinkler system went haywire and began pouring down on the onlookers.

Mouth agape, the visitor turned to the director and producer who were with him and who never batted a single eyelash. They just sat as though being dribbled upon was the most natural of occurrences.

"I say— isn't this a bit unusual?" the Englishman asked, turning up his coat collar.

"Oh, not at all," replied the director with a shrug. "When the love scenes get too warm for comfort, the sprinkling system just automati-

cally goes on. Sort of a cooling-off process, you see."

The Englishman sat on, his face a picture of puzzled bewilderment. The director and producer never faltered but went right on discussing the scene while the water poured.

Yes, you've got to hand it to Hollywood. They know how to create laughs so others may laugh at them—that, boys and girls, is showmanship.

Work—The Open Sesame

THIS month the name Richard Barthelmess is the one spoken of most frequently in Hollywood. Richard Barthelmess, once a great star, sailed away to Europe after his career seemed definitely ended.

And now, several years later, he's back, winning acclaim for his great performance in "Only Angels Have Wings." No, Dick isn't the star. That rôle belongs to a young man named Cary Grant who, as Archie Leach, was stilt-walking

in Coney Island when Dick was the great star.

"I can't understand why Barthelmess wanted to get back in the grind again," one of a group of Hollywood writers said. "He's got plenty of money, he's had his share of fame and it lasted longer than most stars. I wonder what brought him back to it?"

Cal knows. The reason is so simple.

"I was lonely," Dick explained. "Yes, I have lots of friends, that's true, but you see they are working in pictures. They're in the swim."

"I was just an outsider. Oh, we tried to talk of other things and get back on the old footing, but I could see they had gone on and left me. So, I had to get in, too, to be where they were, so we could all be fellow workers again. I couldn't stay on the outside any longer."

And so for friendship's sake Dick, once a great star, is back at work in much lesser rôles, just to keep in, to be with and of his friends.

And it looks as if he's headed again for the top, as sure as you live.



1

Ambition's Daughter

THIS is a story of burning ambition, of sacrifice, of heartbreak . . . And, yes, a story of Hollywood. Its heroine is a beautiful Italian girl who, since she was a child, dreamed of being an actress . . . Dreamed it not so much because of the plaudits such a career would bring, but because it would afford opportunity for expression of the beauty that welled in her heart when she beheld the red sunset, or walked in a color-bright garden, or stood before the magnificent handiwork of the great Italian sculptors in the Palazzo Brera in her native *Milano*. It is Isa Miranda's story.

An Italian film director found her, one day, gazing in rapture at a *Diana* in the Palazzo. To him she seemed a *Diana*, too; erect, free, proud and lovely.

"I will make you a star," he said.

He kept his word and her beauty was proclaimed throughout Europe. "The most glamorous woman in the world," the press described her. And the poet, d'Annunzio, wrote of her: "Oh my Life! Never has desire been greater. I saw all the stars setting in your hair. They descended into impenetrable shadows, where lips cannot reach!"

Inevitably, from the suitors who laid siege to her heart, she chose one to adore. But even then, career was first. She would not give it up. And when came the opportunity to journey to Hollywood, to the heart's desire of every ambition-ridden soul—she renounced love and went her way.

She arrived in Hollywood in 1937 and went to work, first to learn English, then to learn the ways of American pictures. The going was hard. She knew no one. It was a busy new world in which she found herself. Oftentimes, the only persons she could find to converse with her in

the language she sought to master, were the tradespeople who came to her door. At last she was given a rôle in Paramount's "Zaza." But they found she wouldn't do. Various rumors gave various reasons. Isa Miranda said nothing. She merely went back to her study of English.

She was given another rôle—this time in "Hotel Imperial." They made the picture. It was previewed. . . .

The next day, three lines appeared in a certain review. "Isa Miranda also plays a rôle. She came from Italy. She might as well have stayed there." These lines expressed the consensus of critical opinion. Isa Miranda had given up much for the sake of career, but she "might as well have stayed at home."

But the fight is not over yet, she says. She says she will keep on fighting. She has taken out citizenship papers. She has cast her lot with American pictures. She will not give up. She can't, she says.

Well, it occurs to us that determination is a pretty good means of ensnaring success—just by itself. Maybe, in the case of Isa Miranda, it will be good enough. Anyway, we'll bet she will do just as she promises—keep on trying until, as she puts it, "these Hades, eet freezes on top!" And more power to her!

Oomph Man

WHEN the news was broadcast that Charles Boyer had been chosen by a certain group of the Hollywood press as the sexiest actor on the screen, we wondered just what the reaction might be in the Boyer household.

We translated that wonder into knowledge, by simply up and asking lovely Pat Paterson, wife of the French star, how her husband of five years felt about it.

The news hadn't reached their hilltop home. "I can imagine how he will feel about it," said Mrs. Boyer, "for I do know he wants to be known, first of all, as a good actor. Not just a certain type actor, but a good actor."

And then we learned another thing. "Love

2

Affair" (in which he co-starred with Irene Dunne) is his first Hollywood picture to receive wholehearted acclaim in his native France. Since Boyer played a very persistent lover in the picture and since he very much wants his native country to approve his work here, we can imagine the title of "The Sexiest Actor on the Screen" might not be too unwelcome under the circumstances. Incidentally, how do you feel about the Boyer sex title?

That'll Teach Him!

THEY stood together in the small, automatic elevator in the front-office building of M-G-M studios—Harpo Marx and a shabby young lady in an large outmoded felt hat.

As the elevator slowly rose, the devilry in Harpo's soul did likewise. Given to no repressed inhibitions, Harpo finally reached over and pulled off the girl's hat.

"Come on, let's see your face," he grinned. "I might know you."

He was greeted with a stare so icy, it almost froze the funnyman into an igloo.

The woman who stood alone with him in the elevator was Garbo.

Garbo and Harpo remained silent throughout the rest of the journey.

Bringin' Home the Pumpkin

THE funniest story of the month concerns handsome Walter Pidgeon and his houseboy. Walter had tried for weeks to explain to the boy just how he liked his pumpkin pies made, but somehow, despite all his powers of description, they always came out apple dumplings.

Finally, Walter carted home a piece of his favorite pie from the M-G-M commissary to show the boy.

"Now, eat it," Walter said, "and see how it should taste."

The next morning, the Filipino gingerly handed Mr. Pidgeon twenty-five cents.

"This from house money," he explained. "I think better you just bring whole pie home. Then we can both have a piece."

The sight of Pidgeon lugging home his weekly pie is just one of those Hollywood things.

Sister Act

THE Lane Sisters are nothing if not loyal. A few weeks ago, a burglar invaded the San Fernando Valley home of Priscilla and Rosemary and stole all of their jewelry, including a string of pearls belonging to each. Considerable publicity resulted from the theft.

Not long after the robbery, Pat was guest

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4

5

THE CAMERA OF HYMAN FINK KEEPS ITS EYE ON CUPID

1. Now you see it, now you don't—but the Joan Fontaine-Conrad Nagel twosome is usually in evidence, as at Café Lamaze
2. Richard Arlen looks a bit preoccupied, but all Hollywood knows he's far from blind to the beauty of Virginia Grey
3. Practicing up that wedding march? Each month finds Buddy Adler and Anita Louise just that much closer to the altar
4. Now, that's what we call the right way to her heart! Mickey Rooney and Betty Coe read Cal York at the Brown Derby
- 5.
6. Lucky Henry Wilson—if the camera not lie! He has Patricia Ellis eating right out of his hand at Café Marcel
7. The tenderest love story of all—the romance of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul—glimpsed at the Victor Hugo





★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

OH, boy, another Tarzan. This time the idyllic life of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the African jungle is complicated by a plane crash in which the sole survivor is a baby boy. The jungle King and his mate raise him as their own, until, five years later, relatives arrive to claim the boy, who is heir to five million pounds and a title, a kidnapping plot is arranged so the fortune can be controlled. *Tarzan* has taught the child all his tricks, as only he can, to keep him. The gorgeous underwater swimming scene, enough blood and thunder, convincing character—Sheffield, is—Henry



CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

HOLLYWOOD may some day crumble and rot, but we've a feeling *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. Sidney Toler has taken over the title rôle with enthusiasm and the new adventure comes when an Islander drags *Chan* into a murder mystery that has popped up in Reno. There, against the hated wives and irritated husbands, these detective does his fastidious always by the eager but Ben Yung. Ricardo Cortez straight rôles, but comedy—is added to the formula Eddie Collins. The some—is tied up with a rich wronged wife.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

NAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



or Kay Francis'
and Men Marry"



HOLLYWOOD goes to the head of the class this month. Nothing but straight A's show up on our private report card as we circle the set. Every studio in town is booming with the biggest collection of important pictures we've seen in many a moon.

We find cooking up, for instance, a potpourri of plums like "Golden Boy," "The Rains Came," Frank Capra's new epic, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," the long-awaited Hedy Lamarr glamorizer, "Lady of the Tropics," and the Charles Boyer-Irene Dunne "Love Affair" follow-up, "Modern Cinderella."

Walter Wanger snaps out of his nap with "Winter Carnival" and Gary Cooper is busy with Sam Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Even Bing Crosby is hustling out of the house at the crack of dawn for "The Star Maker." Maybe Hollywood meant it when it promised a new deal in entertainment.

There's another new deal we notice, too, this month. Mister and Miss Cinderella have come to town. Never before have we noticed as many young unknowns yanked from nowhere to fill the fought-for shoes of choice Hollywood picture parts. Hollywood is taking a chance on new talent—for which the saints be praised, say we!

Our first port of call, Columbia, is the gem of the studio ocean this month with Frank Capra's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and Rouben Mamoulian's "Golden Boy" companies cranking their cameras. William Holden in the "Golden Boy" title rôle, is Hollywood's head Cinderella Man.

Hollywood snaps out of a midsummer lethargy with a new deal in entertainment—a boom of supers that will make the welkin ring

BY JACK WADE

Only a few weeks ago William Holden was just another student at the Junior College in Pasadena, California. When we meet him at Columbia, we see personified that sort of dazzling, unbelievable luck that still strikes like lightning in Hollywood. Columbia looked high and low for the right "Golden Boy." It cost them a big chunk of the bank roll to buy Clifford Odets' great stage play about a talented young violin player ruined by the easy money of the prize ring; they wanted to make it right. Box-office male stars, great and small, anxiously performed before the "Golden Boy" test camera. Then, Columbia's boss, Harry Cohn, saw Holden in a Paramount stock test one day and said, "There's Golden Boy!"

The setup we see is Fight-manager Adolphe Menjou's office. Adolphe, hardly the well-dressed man in his flashy outfit, and Barbara Stanwyck, his hard-bitten girl friend, confer with their pugilistic pals as Gangster Joseph Calleia arrives to muscle in on the profits of *Golden Boy*. It's an interesting scene to us because of a Mamoulia touch—the use of "on-stage" cues. They work like this:

The actors line up in a circle, chattering *ad lib* like magpies to make a microphone murmur. When Calleia enters, the first actor stops talking, turns and stares. When he stops, the next one stops and stares—and so on around the circle—each taking his cues from his neighbor's silence, with the camera in close pursuit. That way, the audience sits right in on the whole thing. Clever—what?

On the side lines Bill Holden sits this one out with us. Bill has a swell grin, kinky black hair and a smooth muscular build. We ask him if the strain of being a Cinderella chap isn't pretty terrific. He tells us he is as busy as a one-armed paper hanger. "Every day after the set folds," he relates, "I take a violin lesson. Then I eat dinner. After dinner I take a boxing lesson. Later on I learn my lines. Then all the next day I have the jitters. It's a great life—but Mr. Menjou, here, and Miss Stanwyck are a great help."

WE find Jimmy Stewart in the midst of a marathon talking contest on the Frank Capra set, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It's one of the most spectacular sets we've seen, too—an exact reproduction, inch for inch, of the Senate Chamber in Washington, D. C. Even the desks where the extra cinema Solons are parked, looking very wise at \$8.50 a day, came from the nation's capital.

"Mr. Smith," you know, was originally "Mr. Deeds." Capra wanted to follow up the successful "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" by taking the same odd but salty gentleman to the capital and turning him loose. But Gary Cooper was too busy to do the *Deeds*—if you can handle the

pun—so Jimmy got the job, alias *Smith*. It's the same "Deeds" formula, though; a supposedly small-town Simple Simon is sent to the United States Senate by a political machine. They think they can run him. They don't figure on smooth secretary Jean Arthur, though, or Jimmy's devotion to his country.

The scene we see is Jimmy knee-deep in hot water. The machine has managed to have him impeached when he won't play ball. Jimmy is carrying on a one-man filibuster. The minute he stops talking, he'll be kicked out of the Senate on his ear. So he doesn't stop.

The scenarist has given Jimmy a load of stuff to talk about—he uses everything from the Sermon on the Mount to "Casey at the Bat"—it's all fair in a filibuster. Suddenly he stops and looks at Capra helplessly. "That's all," says Jimmy, "that's all the speech in the script."

"It's not enough," replies Capra. "Keep talking."

Jimmy knits his brows. "How about 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck'?"

"Go ahead," grins Capra.

"—Whence all but him had fled . . ." parrots Jimmy.

We grab the idea ourselves. James Stewart's



Richard Carlson, Ann Sheridan and Robert Allen (top) shiver for the sake of Art in "Winter Carnival," but William Holden's teeth chatter for another reason—he has the title rôle in "Golden Boy," opposite Barbara Stanwyck (above)

a nice fellow—but not nice enough for us to listen long to his poetic readings.

ACROSS Sunset Boulevard and up the street, Paramount has Bing Crosby busy boo-booing in "The Star Maker." There's more boo-booing there, too—but of another kind, as Lloyd Douglas' "Disputed Passage" gets itself picturized with expert tear-jerker Frank Borzage in the driver's seat.

Not many more times will we duck in off Marathon Street to Dear Old Paramount. Already, work is under way on the new Paramount studio site out across from Twentieth Century-Fox's Westwood Hills. There the most modern movie factory imaginable will soon rise. The storied Paramount-Hollywood lot will vanish with its memories. Rumors say RKO, next door, will take over the old plant.

Dorothy Lamour, minus song and sarong, brightens up "Disputed Passage," with John Howard, Akim Tamiroff and Judith Barrett.



Goldwyn does things the big way! A \$100,000 set for "The Real Glory"; orchids—as well as Broderick Crawford, Gary Cooper and David Niven—for Andrea Leeds

The story is love versus a scientific career. John's a prize pupil of a great surgeon, Akim. Dorothy is a delicious distraction with a Chinese accent. The battle skips between China and the United States, but right now it's concentrated in a laboratory set packed with retorts, test tubes, vials and beakers.

Akim Tamiroff, John Howard and Gaylord Pendleton are about to engage in a free-for-all fight. Pendleton attacks Akim because he flunked him out of his class and John comes to the rescue. They're all set to go, when an efficiency man runs onto the set. "Boys," he pleads, "take it easy with these retorts—they cost \$2.50 apiece!" Nobody pays any attention. "Okay!" says Borzage. "Action!"

It sounds like the collapse of a china store bargain counter and it looks worse than that as John, Akim and Gaylord tangle. Most of the glass is "breakaway"—prop glass that isn't dangerous. But a lot of it isn't, too. The efficiency man groans as he sees the profits vanishing. That reminds us of Groaner Crosby. We leave the carnage for "The Star Maker."

Gus Edwards and his famous troupe of kid stars plainly inspired Bing's new musical, although, in the movie, Bing will answer to "Larry." The newsboy gang that produced Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Lila Lee and Walter Winchell in the old days lives again in fifty talented Hollywood youngsters, the result of the biggest studio stampede for children Hollywood has seen for years. Paramount had announced free tests to all comers. Fifteen hundred and seventy-five youngsters responded—with their mamas. They almost tore the studio down, but Bing got his kids.

Another Cinderella girl shows up in "The Star Maker," too. Her name is Linda Ware and Paramount says she's another Deanna Durbin—only better. H-m-m-m. Linda was just a little Detroit orphan whose friends told her she ought to go to Hollywood. So she did. One song was enough to convince Paramount. Even Bing thinks she's got a great voice and Bing ought to know. Louise Campbell, as Bing's wife, and Ned Sparks fill out the cast.

The camera crew is lining up while Ned dismally fires darts at a derby hat and Bing sits in a canvas chair figuring up his racing losses. He

doesn't seem to let them get him down. He hums "School Days." Louise Campbell reads a book. It's one of those off-set hours when everybody relaxes.

The kids are nowhere in sight, which is strange to us, because they're on the call sheet. In a minute, the door flies open and a mob of them troop in. The leader is toting a huge cake with candles. They're all singing "Happy Birthday to you, Dear Bing."

Everybody jumps up. "Now, I'll be diddle-de-dad-burned!" exclaims Bing. "How did you rascals know?"

After much huffing and puffing at the candles, Bing slices the cake. That's the last he sees of it. The fifty kids dive for it and, in a minute, the plate is as clean as the Hays' office. Bing gets a crumb, maybe.

"Hey!" he protests, "whose birthday is this, anyway?"

"Yours," says a tyke, "but it's *our* cake!"

"Well," laughs Bing, "it's better for my figger that way, after all, I guess."

At our next stop, Walter Wanger's, we're referred to an ice house, of all things. When we arrive at the address, in downtown Los Angeles, we find the whole "Winter Carnival" troupe shivering in a vast, refrigerated building where it's six degrees below freezing!

There, in the great cooler, Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson, Robert Armstrong and Helen Parrish are hopping about to keep warm, while a horse-drawn sleigh ploughs through real snow, artificially made and selling by the ton.

It's odd enough to find a complete Hollywood set in an ice house with everybody bundled up in overcoats and mufflers—but the reason is even funnier. All the trouble is just to make the actors' breaths show. Much of "Winter Carnival" was filmed last winter at Dartmouth College, where the thermometer does a nose dive. To match the Dartmouth frozen breaths, the cast in Hollywood has to act in an icebox!

It's a relief to warm up once more on the "Real Glory" set at Sam Goldwyn's, although a high fog chases Gary Cooper, David Niven and Broderick Crawford right out of the tropical island set on the back lot a few minutes after we arrive. An interior is ready for just such an emergency.

We have a look at the \$100,000 Philippine Island set before we follow them inside. We admire Sam Goldwyn because he does things right. This set is a classic. You might be right in the Islands. Thousands of dollars worth of bamboo has been gathered, and an absolutely authentic native village and military station have risen, with a stone church, barracks, boat landing and even real Philippine trees—ban-yans, palms, banana trees—transplanted on Goldwyn's back lot. Half the movie homes have been robbed of their household help, while six hundred Filipinos, male and female, get movie breaks.

"The Real Glory" glorifies the American army during the Moro uprisings of 1906. Gary Cooper's a doctor, David Niven, Brod Crawford and Reggie Owen are officers, Andrea Leeds is the lone white gal. It's a little like "Arrow-smith"—a cholera epidemic, a native attack, heroism, rescue and love through it all.

It looks like a day's work getting the Filipinos rounded up. We ask Gary if the scene is worth waiting for. "Well," drawls the Coop, "all I do is look heroic—is that worth it?"

We're just starting our trip through the tropics, we find, when we light next at Twentieth Century-Fox. "The Rains Came," probably the most exciting picture of the month, is tropical India stuff—as you surely know, if you've read Louis Bromfield's very popular novel.

Myrna Loy is out of her element in this—both away from M-G-M, and from the perfect-wife parts she's gloried in ever since she gave up Oriental sirening as a steady chore. Minnie goes shady lady in this—as *Lady Esketh*, a female very much without moral standards or a tender, loving disposition. George Brent, in his very first job at TC-F, also is strictly a heel as *Tom Ransome*. But Darryl Zanuck did a little better with the home folks. Even though Ty Power has to wear chocolate make-up, a stringy mustache and a turban as the Hindu surgeon, *Major Safti*, he's a pretty right gentleman beneath it all.

In the eagerly-sought part of *Fern*, the missionary's daughter, squabbled over by fifty young Hollywood ladies such as Frances Dee, Wendy Barrie, Phyllis Brooks et al, we find another Cinderella—Brenda Joyce, fresh from the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. She's tagged as real talent.

"The Rains Came" is a story of regeneration in India and we'll let it go at that—except to warn you that it's due to outrain "Rain," out-blow "The Hurricane," outquake "San Francisco," outflood "Suez" and outplague "Yellow Jack." Everything comes at once, too!

We catch Minnie Loy, George and Ty getting a sample—just a wee taste—of the rain end of it. Minnie is in jodhpurs—and a dish she is, too—Ty's in his turban, and George is more or less in his cups. Above them, stretched out along a block of rigging, are miles and miles of sprinkle pipes. Through this dripping gauntlet Director Clarence Brown orders them to run.

Minnie looks at the pipes and shivers. The "prop" turns on the giant shower and everybody takes a bath with clothes on. We've noticed strange people standing around. We thought they were visitors. But they're masseurs and masseuses. As soon as Brown yells, "Cut!" they dash in and grab Myrna, Ty and George. They hustle them into their dressing rooms, strip off their clothes, dry them with rough towels and give them a rubdown. In a minute, all three emerge again, fresh as daisies, in dry costumes, ready to get all wet again!

This happens three times while we watch. There's one thing they can't dry though—that's the earth under the rain pipes. It soon becomes a sea of mud. On the last take, Myrna catches a slippery spot, and her feet fly in the air, she does a neat "high and gruesome" as they used to say in Christie comedy days. Minnie lights

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PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



E VOLUTION OF A BEAUTY—Hollywood is wonderful! It takes pretty, unsophisticated little girls and turns them into glamour gals by teaching them the ways to beauty—how to walk and how to talk, how to wear clothes, how to enhance their good looks and how to overcome their bad points. It took Gail Patrick, who came straight to Hollywood from Alabama, just out of school where she had studied law, and taught her how to make the most of her natural good looks so that she emerged a new person—glamorous, poised, gracious—and accomplished this with just a few simple twists of the wrist.

Gail was naturally pretty and charming when she hit Hollywood, but she had paid little attention to her looks and given most of her time to study, forgetting that a woman to be a success must make the most of her good looks as well as her brains.

Look at the pictures of her taken when Paramount tested her and gave her a contract in 1932. It was a thrill for her when she posed with Gary Cooper (pictured at right), but notice the lack of self-assurance and poise she displayed then. Her clothes were unbecoming, her hat not right for her. Her hair was pulled behind her ears and her eyebrows were unplucked. She just hadn't bothered to make the most of herself. But that was soon changed.

Her hair was completely restyled. They waved it softly around her face and dropped it lower on the back of her neck. Her lipline was slightly altered and they gave her eyebrows more shape. She looked very sweet and wholesome and just like a little daughter of the South. She was appearing in her first picture at that time; so the studio began to send out fashion stiffs on her.

They dressed her in more tailored clothes and kept her hair close to her head, but she still lacked poise and grace and was obviously very self-conscious about the whole thing. The studio was still experimenting with her, and a little later, in that same year (1933), they decided that perhaps she was the sophisticated glamour-girl type. They put her into gold lamé and draped her seductively over a chair. They darkened her eyelids, gave a fuller curve to her mouth, brought her hair closer around her cheeks and told her to look languorous and alluring. This wasn't very much of an improvement, because Gail is too much the normal American girl—vital, charming and straightforward, not at all the slinking, exotic type. The rôle was not an expression of her own personality, so it was all wrong for her.



By 1936, the true Gail Patrick had begun to emerge. She had become more sure of herself and of her own potentialities, and had gained confidence and poise. Her brows were thinned out at the ends, her rouge was placed to accent her cheekbones, her mouth had been made fuller. Her hair was dressed to give more balance to her face, and her clothes, while tailored, were a little softer and more feminine.

OF course, all this time Gail was co-operating with them to the fullest extent, working on herself and her personality to find what was best for her and to truly express herself. Her Southern accent was so thick she didn't know the sound of the letter "r," which naturally limited the rôles she could play, so Gail went to the dramatic coach of the studio, working steadily and faithfully day after day, practicing phrases endlessly until now her voice is charming and unaffected and that limiting accent gone.

So let's look at Gail today in the full flower of her beauty. She has overcome all the drawbacks of the unsophisticated, awkward girl who first came to Hollywood, wanting only to be a lawyer. Her loveliness is not a false loveliness superimposed upon her, but a reflection of the schooling she went through to develop her own personality as well as to find her true good looks. She's found the exact curve her lips
(Continued on page 77)



Hollywood has a way of making over its pretty girls—as witness the evolution of Gail Patrick described herein. The student, who made her first test with Gary Cooper, had gained confidence when the above picture was made in 1936. Top, as she is today



"Dear Roberta: I ask you, how would you be in a love scene with a boy you'd never laid eyes on?" Pat wrote to best friend Roberta McCoy (far left) from New York—where she took her first screen test (above) for a talent scout

Hoping You Are the Same

The postmark: Hollywood (mostly).

The address: Indianola, Iowa. In the envelopes: intimate confidences of a girl (Pat Lane) who found stardom in her Christmas stocking

Editor's Note: No girl—star or otherwise—ever reveals herself so completely as she does in letters to the childhood friend she has gone to school with, played dolls with, and hooked apples with. Ever since Priscilla Lane left Indianola, Iowa, to visit sister Leota in New York—a visit that was to culminate in stardom for both herself and another sister, Rosemary—"Pat" has written to Roberta McCoy step-by-step details of her progress. Photoplay has borrowed from Miss McCoy the correspondence, for publication; and herewith presents to you, Pat Lane, in her own letters, collected by Marian Rhea.

This, like most of Pat's letters to Roberta, is undated.

New York City

DEAR Roberta:

Well, my fine-feathered friend, yours truly has had a screen test! For M-G-M! A talent scout (a man who goes around looking for people who he thinks might be good in the movies) named Al Altman fixed it up. Mother and Leota went with me up to a sort of theater in a big skyscraper and I went into a room to be made up. Others were there being made up, too. One was a strange looking girl with her hair slicked back into a sort of bun. Not very pretty, I thought, but Mr. Altman said she "has something," he thinks. Her name he said is Catherine Hepburn (yes, *that's the way Pat spelled it*). Margaret Sullavan, the Broadway actress, was there, too, being tested.

As for me, they dolled me all up in a swishy black dress and ultra-ultra black hat and penciled my eyebrows and painted me a new mouth and I had to do a very dramatic love scene. But it was with a boy I had never seen before

and I don't think I was good at all. I ask you—how would you be in a love scene with a boy you'd never laid eyes on until fifteen minutes before? I suppose that's what you have to do in the movies but it's kind of crazy.

Well, I'll let you know how I came out.

Love,
Pat

She made good her promise soon.

DEAREST Roberta:

Well, that screen test was n.g. At least I guess it was because Mr. Altman's secretary called and said she was sorry but the test "wasn't satisfactory." I thought maybe that meant I'd get another, but Leota said she was afraid I wouldn't. I was disappointed, but Mother says I am too young to be in the movies and there is plenty of time. But time seems to go awfully slow and I don't mind telling you I am pretty sunk, so I hope you will write soon and cheer me up.

Your n.g. playmate,

Pat

(Continued on page 76)



The grim realities of the North Country and a Shakespearean tour (far right, in "Julius Caesar") helped prepare Robert Donat for his rôle in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

DOLLARS TO

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A glimpse into the little-known private life of a handsome Britisher whose career started with a laugh

BY CAROLINE LEJEUNE

DRIVING through the dark Buckinghamshire lanes to hear Robert Donat give his midnight "Citadel" broadcast to America, I sank back against the cushions and lounged and thought.

I thought, it's lucky I knew Robert Donat when, or I shouldn't be writing this article. Robert is the friendliest soul alive, but if you didn't know him when, you never really knew him.

The whole secret of the Donat success is back in those early years when he tramped the Manchester pavements and talked without any broad a's, spoke rough and lived tough like all of us who were raised in that dour North Country of cobblestones and "bally big cart horses."

It's a funny thing, when you come to think of it, what the north does for our actors.

There must be something in the smutty air of the northern factory towns, or the sleet and the rain and the hard, uncoddled childhoods, that brings out the grit and the human touch in people. We don't waste time in the north. When we think a thing, we say it. When we want a thing, we go out and get it. Our actors have learned their job in the best school of all, the school of the common people.

Look at Charles Laughton, born and bred in the Yorkshire dales. Look at Gracie Fields, a part-timer in the mills at ten.

Look at Robert Donat, speaking to the world tonight from his private study like the King at Sandringham. . . .

As we started the long climb up the outskirts of the Chilterns, through pinewoods and larchwoods to the Donat home, I thought of the grey little street where Robert was born.

I KNEW that street so well. It was just around the corner from my own home. St. Paul's Road, Withington, a drab cul-de-sac behind a church in a Manchester suburb. The Donat house was the last in the row, and grimy fields, now built over, crept up to the garden.

Donat senior, who loved flowers, made the best job he could out of a few gallant rose trees struggling against the Manchester soot. There were stunted apple trees with a few green apples, and an ancient glass vinery.

The young Donats went to school by street-car, which we in Manchester called "the tram." Their education cost them threepence a week, and the boys themselves had to bring the money. Every Monday morning the teacher

rapped on his desk and called out, "Fees, please," and Robert would hand up his three pennies, wrapped in a twist of paper. No pennies, no school.

He was always a lonely little boy. He never went about in a gang, like his brothers. Sometimes he used to go scorching along the sidewalks on his tricycle, but more often he shut himself up in his room, reading, or reciting poetry out loud to himself.

He was nervous and imaginative. Often, when he was left alone in the house on winter evenings, he would listen to the rain pattering on the roof of the vinery and go into a cold sweat of terror. His brain created all sorts of bogeys. He heard Things and saw Things in the dark, but he never told anybody.

When Robert was eleven years old, his mother decided that he must take elocution lessons to get rid of his broad North-Country accent. In Lancashire and Yorkshire we say our a's short and reverse our oo and u sounds, making soot sound like sut and butter like booter.

So Robert's parents scraped the fees together somehow, and the boy was sent, after school hours, to study with a local elocution

(Continued on page 82)



Jim (with sword), in a blustering Mercersburg melodrama, in which another Hollywood hero, Dick Foran (at Jim's left) made his debut

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"WHAT'S your name?" The sleek-haired, wise-eyed senior in voluminous plus four knickerbockers regarded with mock gravity the tall, gangling boy in the tight-fitting grey suit, as he dropped his bulging suitcase on the cement walk of the broad campus.

The September sun laid golden rays on the green lawns and shining trees and sharply outlined the shadows of the Gothic and Georgian buildings that form the impressive front of Mercersburg Academy.

The tall boy met the confident, critical stare of the knickerbockered one with a wide, friendly smile that faded before the other's impersonal manner. The hand which had dropped the suitcase to stretch out in greeting, fell to his side unnoticed.

"What's your name?" the sleek-haired senior repeated. "You're new at Mercersburg, aren't you?"

"Yes. My name is Stewart—Jim Stewart."

"Where do you come from?"

"Indiana, Pa."

"Never heard of it."

"It's near Pittsburgh."

"What can you do? What are you going out for?"

"Why . . . eh . . . well . . . you see . . ." As the new boy fumbled for an answer to this unexpected question, the senior, with a final appraising look at him, moved across the campus to join a group lounging on the steps of Keil Hall.

Jim Stewart pondered that query through the rest of the afternoon, as he tacked up pennants in his new dormitory room. What had he done

thus far that would contribute anything to the brisk, competitive life of a big prep school?

Life had been scored to an easy, even tempo back home in Indiana by the simple pleasures and safe adventures of a small town and the close ties of a happy, self-contained family that included Alec Stewart, his big, rangy, lovable-natured father; Bessie Stewart, his laughing, soft-voiced mother; and his two pretty younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, whom Jim had affectionately nicknamed "Doddie" and "Ginny."

Building model airplanes, perfecting radio sets, trapping muskrats, selling programs at the county fair and playing his accordion with the Boy Scout band had been the interests which had occupied Jim's boyhood until he was sixteen, and then came the family decision that was to alter the whole pitch of his quiet existence. With Princeton as the ultimate goal, Jim was to be given the helpful handicap of four years at a good prep school and was registered for entrance at Mercersburg in the fall of 1924.

And now here he was, actually a part of the college-like democracy of 300 or more well-dressed, prosperous boys from all parts of the country, poured into a carefully tended mental melting pot from which issued a mold that has become standardized as the "prep school type." And none of his past performances promised to be of much value in making a place for himself in this new, challenging world so utterly different from the comfortable certainties of home.

At sixteen, popularity on a big prep school campus is an achievement to be worked for, worried over, won, above all other attainments. Jim saw that athletics were one of the certain roads to a desired standing among his new schoolmates and immediately turned out for football.

There had been no football team at the Model School back in Indiana and what experience Jim had in the game was entirely second-hand, gathered from the side lines at State Teachers' College games. It was a thrilling new adventure to report at the gymnasium, don a

Lackadaisical LOTHARIO

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF
JAMES STEWART

*Pictorially and factually, perhaps the
finest star biography PHOTOPLAY
has been fortunate enough to publish*



A freshman at Princeton with a yen for the movies—as spectator only

blue and white jersey and heavy padded pants, handed down from some last year's varsity player, and trot out on the field to scrimmage until the autumn dusk fell over the green oval. There was a glorious sort of heroism in this game of plunging, crashing bodies that left you bruised and weary, but strangely elated and uplifted, at the end of the long afternoon.

Jim was too light to be varsity material, but with that persistency which was to mark his entire career, he kept out for football for three years and finally, in his Upper Middler fall, was rewarded with the captaincy of the third team, on which he played center. It was the only elective post Jim ever held in his school and college days, and one of his most treasured memories is the hard won 3-0 triumph over the Harrisburg Y.M.C.A. eleven, the third team's one scheduled contest.

But if he was too light for varsity football, Jim's long legs won him a place on the track squad as a hurdler and high jumper and there were other interests, other honors to be won in the various campus activities in which Jim played his full share during his four years at Mercersburg.

In the spring of his first year, Jim contributed a number of drawings to the *Karux*, the school year book, and in his last three years was art editor of the annual, a post usually reserved for seniors.

He sang in the glee club and the choir, and at commencement time he was the soloist in the ceremonial step singing for which each year the seniors gather on the front steps of Main Hall to chant farewell to their Alma Mater.



Debutantes' delight, hero of "The Tiger Smiles," (left), 1930-31 production of Princeton's famous Triangle Club. Some college boys find fame in football. Others swallow goldfish. Jim squeezed renown out of an accordion



The Stewart clan of Indiana, Pa. Jim, as a sophomore at Princeton, with his grandfather, James M. Stewart, and his father, Alec



When Jim was leading cheers at Princeton, instead of bowing to them. Steve Brown, his roommate and best friend, at Jim's right

No Hollywood triumph was ever as sweet to Jim as the captaincy of Mercersburg's third football team



He played in the orchestra of one of the two literary societies, and in his senior year he was cast in one of the leading rôles of the annual production of the dramatic club, "The Wolves," a blustering melodrama of the French Revolution by Romain Rolland. For this school-boy dramatic debut, Jim donned a matted wig and an incredible mustache and swaggered through his lines with a robust confidence. In the same cast was another Mercersburg boy who later was to unlimber histrionic prowess in Hollywood, Nick Foran, now romping through Westerns as Dick Foran.

But it was Jim's accordion which really garnered him glory at Mercersburg, just as it was later to be the medium of his success at Princeton and finally the direct cause of his adopting a stage career.

In the lazy spring evenings when the dogwood and apple blossoms robed the campus in white, Jim and his "squeeze box" were the center of many a song fest on the lawn back of Keil Hall and winter nights when study hall was over, it was to Jim's room in Main the crowd would gravitate for a tuneful rollick.

AT the end of his second year at Mercersburg, Jim came home for summer vacation to find that Bill Neff, his boyhood playmate, now a senior at the Indiana High School, had acquired a new hobby. From a mail-order house, Bill had obtained a book on magic and already he was quite accomplished in a number of illusions.

Jim was intrigued with the venture and was promptly pressed into service as Bill's assistant. A benefit show was to be held in the high-school auditorium in August to raise money for the Boy Scout band and Bill was asked to headline with his magic act.

For weeks the two boys worked tirelessly, building stage properties, escape trunks and all the other paraphernalia of a magician's outfit. "Ginny," Jim's younger sister, was recruited as a stooge to be sawed in two or mysteriously raised from a table, and the act was rehearsed day and night until the little troupe felt they could have challenged Thurston to a tournament in legerdemain.

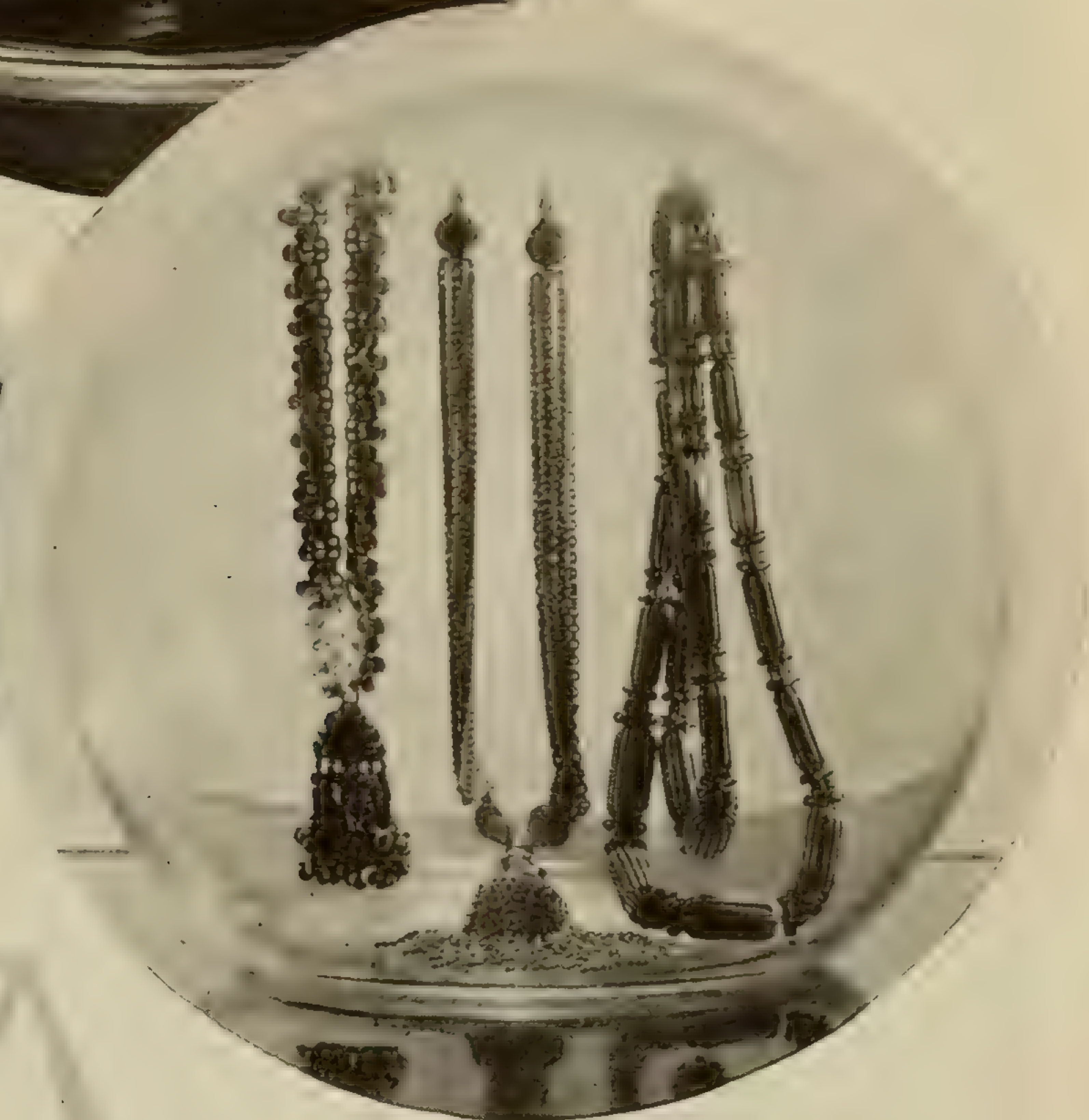
"The benefit show was a huge success," recalls Virginia, "and Jim and Bill decided to widen the sphere of their stage activities. For the remainder of the summer they made excursions to near-by towns to perform their act.

"Bill had a shrewd sense of showmanship and every appearance in these neighboring towns was ballyhooed with a professional vigor. A few hours before the performance was scheduled, Jim would station himself at the busiest corner of the town and begin playing his accordion. When a sufficient crowd had collected, Bill would have himself strapped into a strait jacket and then hoisted, suspended by his feet, on a crane high over the street. Dangling by his feet, Bill would stage a Houdini-like escape from the strait jacket that was guaranteed to start word-of-mouth publicity percolating through the town and attract a large audience to their show.

"As the boys got an increasing number of engagements, Bill added new stunts to the act until he was giving a very creditable show. The challenge of mastering more and more difficult illusions fascinated Neff and by the time he left college, his career was established. Today he is one of the better-known professional magicians in the East.

"When Jim went home to Indiana for Christmas last year and was prevailed upon by the local theater manager to make a personal appearance, he agreed only on the condition that Bill Neff be engaged and Jim assume again his old rôle of assistant and stooge. To make the occasion memorable, Bill arranged for Jim to be inducted into the International Brotherhood of Magicians at the conclusion of the performance."

(Continued on page 84)



Crystal Gazing

INTO FALL'S FASHION FUTURES

BY FRANCES HUGHES, New York Fashion Editor

Assisting Gwenn Walters, Fashion Editor

EVEN the Irish are going Oriental! Geraldine Fitzgerald, new and bright little star in Warner Brothers' heaven, who won her spurs after her sensitive performances in "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," looks deeply into Photoplay's fashion crystal and sees *you*, herself and all smart women going Oriental for Fall! Wonderful way to work magic with your basic black dress! Your head swathed, like hers, in a Maharajah's turban of hand-blocked red and green silk surah, cinched with a giant gilded safety pin paved with pearls! Your neck hung, like hers, with heavy ropes of golden beads. Copy the matching bracelet wound around her wrist and—for good measure—wear dangle earrings that jingle like a Hindu dancing girl's. Now look into the

crystal with Miss Fitzgerald and you'll see yourself carrying a draped suède dress-maker bag (top crystal) hung like a knapsack from glistening black bracelet handles. You will add gobs of jewelry to your simplest dresses, like the gold bead necklace (center crystal, left) of glittering dangles, golden medallions and a giant beaded tassel; or the nine-strand golden necklace (center) with a dripping, fringed tassel; or the twin strands (right) of silver tubes like Persian melons, with make-believe ruby and emerald and sapphire rondelles. Your gloves (bottom crystal) will be longer, worn crushed around your wrists and garnished with a wide, wide silver bracelet fit for a Maharanee. Your accessories may look heavy, but on you they'll be as light as a feather. You'll see!

All Oriental loot from Macy's, New York



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 52)

artist on a radio broadcast and Lola went along to see how she did. Seated in the audience, Lola heard a couple of women whispering back of her.

"Priscilla Lane has on a string of pearls, now," one of them said. "I'll bet hers were never stolen at all. I'll bet she was just after publicity."

Whereupon Lola turned in her seat and put her straight. "Hers were, too, stolen!" she hissed. "She's wearing Mother's pearls!"

Well, she was. But the emcee made faces at Lola and, with no uncertain gestures, motioned her to be quiet. Everybody else looked at her disapprovingly. But she only sat there, glowering.

"Well, I don't care what people say about me, but it makes me furious to see 'em go after Pat," she said, afterward. "Pat never told a lie in her life!"

John Public Discovers

IT'S a funny thing about the general public . . . Or maybe it is only human. Anyway, something kind of interesting is happening at 20th Century-Fox.

As you may have noticed, 20th Century is given to pushing newcomers, hard. They'll get someone they believe in and the sky's the limit for the build-up. Remember June Lang and more particularly, Simone Simon? They got as much advance publicity as Greta Garbo did when she was to talk on the screen for the first time.

And then, John Public, having a mind of his own—even being a little perverse, maybe, about having these unknowns rammed down his throat, so to speak—got stubborn. He wouldn't take Junie Lang for what 20th Century said she was worth and he wouldn't take Simone Simon . . . No particular reason, just wouldn't, that's all.

And so 20th Century got wise. When it found some more new star material, it went a little easier on 'em. Ty Power wasn't given the build-up June and Simone were, nor Don Ameche, either. And look at 'em now!

And also, look at Dick Greene! He is, in fact, the real moral to this story. We happen to know that 20th Century had a lot of faith in him when it brought him over from England. He was already tops over there. But what did it do? Well, practically nothing. Dick received merely the average build-up. He was put in average rôles. No particular attention was called to him at all until . . . Just the other day, a survey of fan mail told a strange story. It told that, of all the stars at 20th Century-Fox (except Shirley Temple), Dick Greene gets the most fan mail! You see, the public has "discovered" him, itself, which makes him the public's own fair-haired boy . . . All of which should constitute a good tip to all movie producers, we think.

Silence versus Talkies

HOLLYWOOD is interested in watching the developments of two marriages. Need I say the Tyrone Powers and Robert Taylors are the objects of interest?

It's this way—before their marriage, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck were noted for their silent dates. Dining in public, the two would sit, each absorbed in his own silence, exchanging only a few words during the entire course of the evening. Whether this was a silence born of great understanding, or whether they simply had nothing to say and

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 78

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. This virile actor made his stage debut playing the rôle of Catherine in "The Taming of the Shrew":

Humphrey Bogart Laurence Olivier
Spencer Tracy Henry Wilcoxon

2. Two of these actors began their movie careers as extras:

Charles Boyer James Stewart
Dennis O'Keefe Clark Gable

3. This temperamental star made news in all the papers when she panned Hollywood in an interview, then later retracted and said she had been misunderstood:

Constance Bennett Sylvia Sydney
Jeanette MacDonald Grace Moore

4. The hectic marriage of this couple has finally, after many reconciliations, ended in divorce:

Errol Flynn, Lili Damita
Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone
Stan Laurel, Illeana
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young

5. In her early vaudeville days, this actress twirled a lariat and imitated a Texas cowgirl on the London stage:

Binnie Barnes Barbara Stanwyck
Ann Sheridan Joan Blondell

6. He was a dispatch carrier for Michael Collins, leader of the Irish Revolution:

Pat O'Brien Brian Aherne
George Brent Warner Baxter

7. This picture set a world's record for gross returns:

The Singing Fool The Gold Rush
The Ten Commandments
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

8. She won the coveted rôle of Belle Watling in GWTW:

Carmel Myers Mae West
Rosalind Russell Ona Munson

9. A film popularity poll in South America recently voted this actress, currently working in the picturization of a famous stage play, as the most popular star:

Sonja Henie Claudette Colbert
Norma Shearer Carole Lombard

10. The National Safety Council awarded this actor a plaque for 500,000 miles of safe driving:

C. Aubrey Smith Lewis Stone
Jed Prouty Walter Connolly

11. She is the wife of John Payne:

Jean Arthur Lucille Ball
Anne Shirley Ginger Rogers

12. "Flying Down to Rio" was this top star's first film success:

Robert Taylor Cary Grant
Tyrone Power Fred Astaire

13. After twenty-five years of being one of the leading comics of the screen, this actor will now turn to producing a comedy for RKO-Radio:

Harold Lloyd Buster Keaton
Charlie Chaplin Oliver Hardy



Mary Healy of New Orleans—who sings a merry tune in 20th Century-Fox's film, "Second Fiddle"

14. This singing star owns the largest pewter collection in Hollywood and is an amateur sculptor as well:

Allan Jones Gene Autry
Don Ameche Nelson Eddy

15. The sons of two of these actors are following in their fathers' footsteps and rapidly rising to fame on the screen as leading men:

Jack Holt Noah Beery
Edward G. Robinson Buck Jones

16. When this actor's return to Hollywood and the screen was delayed by illness, Chester Morris replaced him in his rôle in "Thunder Afloat":

Ricardo Cortez William Powell
Franchot Tone Dick Powell

17. It's hard to believe that this lovely actress was once a schoolteacher:

Greer Garson Hedy Lamarr
Joan Bennett Madeleine Carroll

18. Two of these men gave up their acting careers to become movie directors:

Norman Foster Jeffrey Lynn
Lee Tracy Leslie Fenton

19. Two of these stars came to Hollywood from Montana:

James Stewart Myrna Loy
Gary Cooper Olivia de Havilland

20. Sigma Chi fraternity elected her their 1939 sweetheart because of her "kissable lips":

Mary Healy Dorothy Lamour
Joan Crawford Loretta Young

didn't say it, no one knows. But, nevertheless, there they sat.

Tyrone Power and Annabella, on the other hand, were the most-absorbed-in-each-other couple in town. Their heads were always together, as they excitedly exchanged ideas, or their eyes were glistening with interest in the joy of each other's presence.

Now which type of couple is better prepared for the matrimonial journey? That's the problem that's intriguing the interest of Hollywood these days and one, alas, that only time can answer.

Cal's New Personality of the Month

SHE'S redheaded with tumbleweed locks that frolic above the greenest eyes in town. A devastating combination in any language. Her name is Greer (get a load of that) Garson. She's English, dares to wear a red dress with that red hair, and has every man in town right on his ear. Has stolen the local thunder (at least) from Hedy Lamarr and will win national huzzahs for her rôle as the lovely, understanding wife of Mr. Chips. Can act like a blue streak and talks like one. Wears a jade ring on her little finger that matches her eyes (on purpose, if you ask me) and lives with her mother in a small Beverly Hills house. But with a garden, remember. Lived in Hollywood for a whole year, ill and alone (what's the matter with this town?) without making a single picture. Was finally sent to London for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," her very first movie. Has had only stage experience, as if that weren't enough. And now they're sending her straight back to London to make another film, "The Doctor's Dilemma." (This place must be crazy.) We don't think she's married, but we do know she's a brand new sensation.

So "Goodbye, Mrs. Chips." Hurry back to a town that need redheads with "It."

The Misses "X"

ALL eyes in the "cinemah" village are turned with interest these days on Hollywood's two most popular bachelors—one Jimmy Stewart (too bad he isn't two) and David Niven.

And not without reason does feminine Hollywood wear that anxious gleam in her orbs. You see, according to the maxim, coming events cast their shadows before, and milady fancies a slight overcasting of the sun in yon direction.

To begin with, there is that repeated rumor that Davey has already chosen his lady fair—in a young society miss from England. Her name, we discover, is Miss Jacqueline Dyer and she is now on her second visit to Hollywood in a very few months. What's more, Davey seems anxious to throw a smoke screen around the lovely Miss Dyer by repeatedly introducing her to the various members of his picture, "The Real Glory," under a different name each time. To Gary Cooper, for instance, Miss Dyer may be Miss Brown and to Andrea Leeds, Miss Dyer may suddenly become Miss Smith.

All this, Hollywood feels sure is merely a camouflage to confuse his friends into believing there are many, many young women in bachelor Niven's life, whereas there is actually only one.

This, the Hollywood girls feel, is a very, very dangerous sign, indeed.

Now about Jimmy. Right out in the open Jimmy expresses a dislike for

(Continued on page 68)

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so
be careful about Cosmetic Skin
—use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER GIRLS take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to let pores become *choked* because you don't remove dust and dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Foolish to risk dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores: Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. Lovely screen stars use this gentle soap *regularly*. It helps keep skin soft, smooth—appealing.

Is your skin
the kind that wins
Romance?

LUX
TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars

use Lux Toilet Soap



Americans in Paris—the Fred Astaires, on a Rue de la Paix shopping tour

himself for not being married. He frankly states it would be nice if he were. Now, a certain very close friend of Jimmy's insists the lad will only lose his heart to a nonprofessional and at this very moment another young lady, (name unknown) from that spot vaguely known as "back East," is now in Hollywood and is engaging the entire attention of bachelor Stewart during his few free hours, which aren't many, heaven knows.

So, with two very personable young ladies from out of town absorbing the interest of Davey and Jimmy, no wonder the girls of Hollywood are wide-eyed with apprehension.

And, if anything should happen in the way of bells pealing and rice popping, don't say we didn't come right out and hint the fact ahead of time.

Trivia de Luxe

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new short haircut and loathes it. Can't wait for it to grow long again. . . .

Garbo has the same old long bob and loathes it. Can't wait for Guilaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, to whack it off. . . .

ZaSu Pitts will once again attempt a serious rôle in "Nurse Edith Cavell." Her one attempt at drama, as the mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front," landed in the scrap heap when the preview audience tittered.

More tears, this time, please. . . .

On Thursday night, (maid's night out) Bride Hedy Lamarr and Groom Gene Markey go right from the studio to Café Lamaze for dinner. When Hedy's beauty attracts too much attention, the waiter merely places a huge bowl of ice, pyramid shape, before Hedy's face.

The sultriest thing in town behind an ice cake!

The romance between Vivien Leigh (*Scarlett O'Hara*) and Laurence Olivier (*Heathcliff* of "Wuthering Heights") goes right on, although Olivier is in New York playing with Katharine Cornell. The telephone lines are kept busy between the two despite the distance. . . .

The pair that persisted in cracking peanut shells in a little North Hollywood theater last week, right in the midst of the love scenes, are herewith about to be punished. . . . So you sit over in that corner with your face to the wall, Barbara Stanwyck, and off to the other corner for you, Bob Taylor. . . . David Niven's illustration of utter stupidity: the old maid who let down the wall bed and then looked to see if a man were hiding under it. . . .



Bathing beauty in Hollywood—Monogram's pretty star, Marjorie Reynolds

Catching Up With Cupid

THE "oomph" girl, redheaded Ann Sheridan, is rolling those dreamy eyes in the direction of Richard Carlson, her new leading man in "Winter Carnival," these days. And are those two a handsome pair? What does this do to the story of her interest in Cesar Romero? Can it be another publicity romance, boys?

Monday night it's a Randy Scott dinner date in Miss Dorothy Lamour's date book, and Tuesday night it's a John Howard dinner date. Wednesday it's back to Scott, and Thursday, whom should be waiting with more and more impatience than young Howard, again? It's a photo finish, with the returns not yet in at this date.

Sights You'll Never See Elsewhere:

BETTE DAVIS in a long full-skirted costume for "The Old Maid," flying around the Warner Brother streets on a scooter bike. . . . John Howard, carefully removing his mustache in the Paramount café and placing it in his pocket for safekeeping, just before eating his lunch. . . . Clark Gable yoo-hooing to friends in the driveway of his home, as he tears about his new farm on a tractor. . . . Bert Wheeler at a night spot, trying to look every which way at once when his estranged wife, Sally Haines, walks in with an escort; while in the same spot, Tom Brown peeks up over the table at his ex-wife, Natalie Draper, who walks in with another man. . . . Elsa Maxwell, the party-giver for the world's elite, calmly dunking her bread in her coffee in the 20th Century-Fox dining room.

What's In a Name?

WE heard this with our own ears, so we know it's true! When Hedy Lamarr first arrived in Hollywood, she found it most difficult to remember the names of all the newspaper photographers and writers to whom she was introduced. It had been impressed upon her that these names were very important and that she must remember them. But, try as she might, she was always getting them confused, and to this day she still calls PHOTOPLAY's cameraman, Hyman Fink, by the very quaint nom de plume of "Finky High."

Juvenile Sophisticate

THE awkward age—bugaboo of all child stars—never caught up with Jackie Cooper, screen's busiest juvenile. His mother, resigning herself to it when Jackie left M-G-M, enrolled him in Beverly Hills High, where he immediately got on the football team and the band and became one of the "gang."

The freedom lasted three weeks. Monogram hired Jackie for one picture—kept him for six. Then, "White Banners," "That Certain Age," in which Jackie played Deanna Durbin's first love, followed by "Spirit of Culver," showed the little "champ" in better and better form. If seventeen-year-old Jackie is all angles at this point, the casual observer wouldn't know it.

His mother lets him wear the fuzziest tweeds and sweaters. . . . and he smokes a pipe, so the illusion of maturity is pretty complete. He has as much fun as a normal kid. One huge room at the house is his for what he likes—a soft drink bar, a larder full of food at all hours, an open fireplace, game tables, an orchestra stand. Jackie can bring his friends home any time, and he does.

His swing orchestra, an amazing aggregation of six adolescent instrumentalists, whom he calls the "Clambake Cats," rehearse twice a week there. His parents are so inured to swing, they can chat gayly along despite all hell breaking loose.

The Old Order Changeth

HE has been known as the "Male Garbo of Hollywood," at least to the press boys. But he's come out of hiding at last and has done a complete rightabout-face. He not only appears at supper clubs and cafés, but he smiles nicely and willingly for our eager photographers. Yes, that is the magic which matrimony has wrought as far as Ronald Colman is concerned, and, as our own Hyman Fink puts it, "I don't blame him for smiling, for Benita Hume Colman is one of our most attractive women."

More Trivia

PENNY SINGLETON can skate—almost as well as Sonja Henie. . . . Hedy Lamarr is a pianist of professional caliber. . . . Margaret Lindsay is about to get her pilot's license. . . . A wall in Bob Hope's home is completely covered with famous autographs. . . . Jimmy Cagney can outcroon Crosby; so can Lloyd Nolan. . . . John Payne wrote all the orchestrations for his recent personal appearance program. . . . Cary Grant's definition of a publicity man is, "a guy who, if he mounted a horse, would ride away in all directions." . . . Ever notice how much Lynn Bari looks like Claudette Colbert?

He Tears 'em Apart

GARY COOPER is a tinkerer. There is no star in all Hollywood obsessed with the passion for taking apart and putting

together things, as lanky Mr. Cooper. So, when Gary discovered his brand new car delivered only twelve miles to the gallon of gas, it was just like waving a lollypop under a baby's nose; the old gleam leaped into Gary's eye as he drove the car right up to the door of



Babe in Wonderland—one-year-old Sandy Henville, our youngest Cinderella!

the sound stage and proceeded, between scenes, to tear the engine apart. A new carburetor, pistons and gas feed were installed between love scenes of "The Real Glory" (only the real glory was going on outside the stage in a mess of wheels and cogs) and Gary was as happy as a kid.

Finally, it was all finished. The new parts were installed, the old ones discarded and on his first free Sunday, Gary was off with Mrs. Cooper on his first jaunt.

Monday morning, the car was back in its usual spot outside the set door.

"Well, how did it go?" a friend asked. "Oh, swell," Cooper said. "There's only one thing, though. I only get eleven miles to the gallon, now. Guess I'll have to tear the whole thing down again."

He couldn't have been happier.

Cal Reflects:

JUST as the world outside the cinema colony focusses its attention on a visiting star in their midst, so does Hollywood bestow intense interest on a visiting celebrity in their midst.

The man of the hour in Hollywood today is Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back." The fascinating German has actually stolen the spotlight from the beauteous Dietrich. All eyes swing their direction when the pair walk into cafés and night clubs together. But there is something so compelling in the face of Remarque, something between bitterness and loneliness that every eye fastens itself on that face, forgetting the beautiful woman at his side.

'Tis said, because of his books, the German will not return to his native land but remain in Hollywood to continue his writing.

Even his name spells mystery and intrigue. It's really Kramer which, when spelled backwards becomes Remarque.

Yes, he's the man of the hour in Hollywood today, stirring the pulse of every woman who looks his way.

In the Social Whirl

—IN THE

BUSINESS WORLD

*Both thrilled over the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN"
care* they can give
their skin today*

QUESTION:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION:

Why do you think it is important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION:

Would you say that using two creams keeps make-up flattering—longer lasting?

ANSWER:

"Yes, indeed. My make-up always has more sparkle when I cleanse and soften my skin first with Pond's Cold Cream. And Pond's Vanishing Cream gives it an even finish—then powder clings for hours."

QUESTION:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT

Pond's, Dept. 15-CVH, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

"A Cause"—and Effect

(Continued from page 17)

again and started being smart. He suggested that they start a social security act for future Veteran Fans. The President said it was a good idea and he had better make the first contribution. Naturally he couldn't back down so it cost him five bucks. That'll learn him to wisecrack.

The meeting adjourned to the dining room for refreshments.

IT'S amazing how many relatives turn up when there's a World's Fair. This summer is going to be terrific and Barb and I would like to get away from it all to some desert or a wild canyon (Laurel). Sent the petition to Bette 10 days ago, air mail. Haven't heard from her yet.

Have had several answers to questionnaires and the treasury is growing. We need several members from Hollywood itself who can keep an eye on the private lives of stars and keep us posted. Naturally we need people with tact, who can make themselves inconspicuous but who have enough money to get inside places. We are considering advertising.

We think Wayne Morris and Bubbles ought to have a baby and we're going to tell them so. We would like a say in the selection of Carole Lombard's clothes off the set so we are going to clip ads and send them to her with suggestions.

Would like to run an article in our mag called "The Truth about Shirley Temple," but so far haven't unearthed a thing. The sec'y sent out notices to our members to send in letters about Bette pro and con. We shall print the pro letters. Have to work on Mops to get her to give me the sewing room for an office. My bedroom is beginning to look as if a couple of cyclones had an argument in it.

We are watching over the Faye-Martin ménage. We kept our eyes on him when he was alone in New York but couldn't discover a thing to wire her.

Pops says we ought to see that McCarthy doesn't interfere in the privacy of the Bergen-St. Germaine combine, because a dummy-in-law can make a lot of trouble. If it all weren't so serious, I'd admit that was slightly funny.

AM frantic. Don't know what to do. Yesterday went with Dot to a new woman as Esmeralda has left the La Gitane. This one starts out with tea leaves and for fifty cents more uses numerology and astrology. She is simply wonderful and told us both things that nobody could possibly guess, like Dot's boy friend coming from across the water (he lives on Staten Island) and my having a gift for writing. We wore our ten cent store wedding rings, but she knew at once we weren't married. She described Henry perfectly and said I was absorbed in some one a great distance away, and that I would take an unexpected journey. Then she looked in the cup and said "I see a B and a D."

Dot and I nearly passed out, for naturally she meant Bette! I tried not to give anything away and just said "Yes," noncommittally. Then she said, "This person is close to your heart. I see a marriage. There is a ring."

"Go on," I said, scarcely able to breathe. She said there wasn't any more in the cup, but there was plenty in the stars which she could tell me for fifty cents. She said numerology and astrology were more exact sciences than tea leaves. So Dot and I pooled

MOVIES in your home



A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

THE trend is towards color pictures. Home movie cameramen who are planning to enter this new field will be interested in the professional advice of Sid Hickox, top-notch lenser of the Warner Brothers Studio lot. Cameraman Hickox devotes all his spare time to 8 and 16 mm color work, and believes that color films will soon replace black and white in Hollywood.

The chief point for amateurs to remember in using color, says Hickox, is that the exposure for color must be much more exact than for black and white. Present day black and white panchromatic films have "100 percent latitude"—that is, they are designed to compensate for an error of a full stop above or below the aperture—while color films have a latitude of only 25 per cent. So if you plan to take color pictures get a good exposure meter and learn how to use it.

Your exposure meter indicates how much light you have. When taking color pictures, either interior or exterior shots, you'll need one-stop more light than you ordinarily use for black and white. After taking your picture have your film vaporized. Color film doesn't disintegrate any more rapidly than black and white, but it is wise to take this precaution.

The second point for beginning color-filmers to keep in mind is that "panning" in color must be done much more slowly than in black and white. The blurring effect of panning is greatly heightened when color is used. In Cameraman Hickox's words, "No matter how slowly the cameraman thinks he is panning, he is almost certain to be going too fast." The safest way to avoid trouble, says Hickox, is to shoot all pan shots at double speed—with due allowance for change in exposure. The resulting

"slow motion" sequences, when projected at normal speed, will be almost exactly right for proper pan shot effect on the audience.

The third consideration in color work is that contrast "values" are entirely changed. Cameramen accustomed to judging contrasts in terms of high lights and shadows are apt to be disconcerted when they find that a bright color in the shade will often appear lighter than a dull color in the light when filmed on color film. Hickox says that the best rule to remember is that color pictures result in much more faithful reproduction and, consequently, a color shot is likely to turn out exactly as you see it.

If the amateur who is taking up color work will remember these points—and if he will watch a few other minor points, such as using a filter for late afternoon shots; making his interior lighting a little more "flat" than ordinarily; avoiding clashing color combinations; he should have little trouble.

SPECIAL! How would you like to take part in making a newsreel? And how would you like to get paid for the shots of yours that are used, too? Well, Garrison Films are going to put out a series of newsreels called "The World Today." They plan to use shots sent in by amateur cameramen all over the United States. They will buy anything that has an up-to-the-minute news angle. Anything that is going to happen in your community that will be of interest to people all over the country is just the kind of film that Garrison wants. Be sure it has a news angle. Mr. T. J. Brandon, head of Garrison Films, requests that you write him at 1600 Broadway, New York City and tell him what kind of camera you use and what sort of news events are coming up. Also tell him whether you have a sound or silent projector.

Castle Films have just put out a special film called "New York, the Wonder City" for you Fair goers to take home. Castle's "Coronation of the Pope" is selling very well now and you can get 50 feet of this film on 8 mm for as little as \$1.75. In 16 mm, 100 feet costs only \$3.50.

Pathegram is releasing new Grantland Rice Sportlights and some excellent films on hunting and trapping.

and gave it to her, and she went on. First she asked me the birthdate of this B.D. and I told her April 5. She wrote it down and then wrote lots of numbers.

"She's an Aries," she said, but perfectly respectfully. "She must be careful not to cause emotional upsets in children from 4 to 12. (I thanked the stars that Pamela was 13.) She must avoid accidents. She will be very successful if she is careful to begin new undertakings when the stars are right. She should be careful of her diet."

I asked about her marriage. "I see an obstacle," she said. "I note Saturn's transit of his 7th equilibrium house. Tell her to beware. Perhaps she'd better come in for a reading."

"She can't," said Dot. "She's three thousand miles away."

"I see a career for her if marriage doesn't interfere." Dot and I kicked each other under the table, and I made up my mind something drastic had to be done.

When we left we went straight to a telegraph office. We felt there wasn't a moment to lose. Sent the following message:

MISS BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
AVOID ACCIDENTS. DON'T
MARRY. WATCH DIET.
DON'T TRUST ANYBODY.
LETTER FOLLOWS. PLEASE
REPLY.

GUIDING STARS, LTD.

Have to go to the Fair again. . . .
No word from Bette. Sent another wire. . . .

Still no word. Wired her club in Columbus. Went to Fair. . . .

No word. Wired her mother. Haven't seen Barb for three days. Feel low. . . .

HELEN DAMNATION! Of all things! Holy broiled mackerel!

Barbara is engaged! To *Küss die Hand*. I'm heartbroken, but she'll never know. A girl who was brought up on Child Psychology will never, never get along with a foreigner who is not only dictatorial, but very bossy. She says our friendship will always be the same, but I feel a change already. Dot is a swell gal, but she isn't Barb. She often disagrees with me.

He didn't even buy her a new engagement ring but gave her an old one that was his mother's. Whatever happens in the future, I shall stand by her. It's a secret on acct. of her being so young and his not having a job.

But that isn't all. Dot and I hadn't told her about Madame Kemp and the tea leaves, on acct. of her being a skeptic, but finally we told her yesterday.

"B.D. is also Barbara Drew," she said. "Do you think she could have meant me?"

Dot and I nearly passed not only out, but on. We remembered all the things she had said about a ring, and the diet, and being careful and they could all apply to Barb as well as Bette.

I rushed to the telephone and called Western Union.

BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
DISREGARD ALL FORMER
COMMUNICATIONS.
NEEDN'T AVOID ACCI-
DENTS OR DIET. SORRY.
GUIDING STARS, INC.

The rest is history.

ANDREA LEEDS in Samuel Goldwyn's "MUSIC SCHOOL"



*"Do
your lips DRY?
...then try this
New
LIPSTICK"*

HERE'S NEWS from the motion picture world...a new and original lip make-up creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. It's Tru-Color Lipstick!...and it has these four amazing features which every woman wants in the perfect lipstick.

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

There's a thrill in store for you when you try this new kind of lip make-up...you'll discover that this new Hollywood glamour secret is truly remarkable. Remember the name...Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick. New color harmony shades for your type.\$1



**POWDER...in New
Color Harmony Shades**

To give your skin new beauty, Max Factor, Hollywood, has created new color harmony shades having a luscious warmth of color that is positively enchanting. Satin-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Powder really stays on...\$1

ROUGE...Flattering Lifelike Colors

Do you realize that the right shade of rouge will do wonders in accenting the color appeal of your type? You'll note the difference when you make up with your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge. Creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly...50¢



Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book. *THE NEW MAKE-UP METHOD* FREE

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN ☐ Dry ☐	AGE _____	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐		

Young in Heart

(Continued from page 20)

don't ask me why) should be withheld from the public—as follows:

He was born in London, England on November 11th.

He's fifty-one years old (isn't that awful?).

He was educated at Sherborne in Dorset, and where Alfred the Great went to school, University College, London.

He had nothing in common with Alf the G. except a 13th Century monk's cell below ground level. He's tried to keep upstairs (with many amazing results) ever since.

He was only eight when he left for school. His health seemed to demand the change. He hated and loathed every minute of it and was probably the meanest snip of a snipe ever to enter a classroom.

He earned his very first money, three-pence, for singing in the school choir and sixpence for singing in the chapel choir. And was overpaid on all counts, if you ask me.

His father was a well-to-do and well-known architect, who had hopes that Roland would follow him in his profession. But when Roland kept flunking out on his examinations, his parents suspected something was amiss. They decided to probe the thing to the bottom and, walking into his bedroom (Roland was in bed with tonsillitis), they put it to him.

Before Roland could bring himself to murmur the dreadful word "actor" his mother, who had been regarding her progeny quizzically, exploded a bombshell.

"I think," she said, "he wants to be a cowboy."

Hi Ho, Rollo!

After that, becoming an actor was such a relief, his father sent him off to Tree Dramatic School for a try at it.

After a tour of the provinces in a stock company (how those English provinces must suffer), he landed on the London stage and has been fascinating audiences on both sides of the Atlantic ever since.

He's a naturalized American and makes a swell pot of tea.

He doesn't want to talk about his penguin collection any more. Feels it's been overdone, but has a grand assortment of canes. Get him to tell you about the one from Spain, sometime. It will kill you.

HE never intrudes his whimsicalities on other people. One has to stumble over them before they're discovered. Like his three-foot key chain. If you ask about it, he'll be only too delighted to drag from the depths of his pocket (it must be specially made) this yard-long key chain upon one end of which is fastened a tiny nest of keys. Spread along the floor it looks like an anemic rattler too relaxed to spring. Mr. Young explains he never likes to open a door while practically on top of it. The long chain gives him plenty of room to avoid crowding. Provided he doesn't trip over it. He usually trips over it.

There's something funny about him and watches, too. He wears a watch on each wrist and one somewhere in the middle. He likes to know what time it is all over.

He carries green ink in a green fountain pen which are the only two things about him that ever match. Simply because we encountered him one day in a pearl-grey suit, a burgundy shirt, blue tie and white flower, we demanded (whatever got into us) his views on sex.

"Sex, like the poor, is always with

us," he shrugged. "Besides, I was born during Queen Victoria's reign, so I'm allergic to sex."

As the radio comic says, "That ain't the way I heard it."

He isn't a bachelor or an Elk or a Deputy Sheriff. And yet there's something faintly (oh, very faintly) reminiscent of all three about the man. I can't explain it, really.

He has twinkles in both eyes (both, mind you) that are magnified by his spectacles. He wears them off screen, both the twinkles and spectacles, with the strangest consequences.

YOU'VE heard about the upper lip? Mr. Young's, I mean? That's the feature that puts the H in Hades for all little writers, for you see, even if Mr. Young were inclined to be loquacious (which he isn't), it's next to impossible to understand all he says, simply because he so seldom moves his upper lip when talking. It has a mustache on it, too, but this has nothing to do with its immovability. I asked both a doctor and a barber (and once I said something about it to a brush salesman) and they all agreed that the mustache was incidental. Probably (it's only a guess, of course) in his youth some kindly soul admonished Mr. Young to keep a stiff upper lip and he has taken the advice literally. It has paid him well, for radio comics, so called, make much of it when Mr. Young makes a guest appearance on their programs.

Its effects on writers are far reaching.

"I like Gosomoso better than Dickens," he informs the interviewer.

"I beg your pardon?" says the writer, believing this to be the most eloquent form of inquiry.

"I like (this time it sounds like UncleSammadeaslam) better than Dickens," repeats Mr. Young.

The writer makes no comment. Naturally. She's left higher and dryer than two kites. Too, it hardly seems quite polite or even ladylike to suggest that one's dainty ears cannot make a gawd-dam bit of sense out of the remark and that, years and years hence, she may wake up in the night faced with the knowledge that undoubtedly she will enter Eternity, never knowing whom Mr. Young preferred to Dickens. That's a pretty devastating thought in any woman's life and can, as she reaches the

middle years, seriously affect her whole mechanism. Throwing glands and things off balance, as it were.

On the other hand, the thought may arise that Mr. Young is merely having fun and has resorted to a sort of double talk to confuse the not-so-well-read interviewer.

Any psychiatrist will tell you this could easily result in a broody complex that could affect one's whole mental and social outlook on life. Personally, as I prefer to be glandularly rather than mentally upset, I shall attribute my inability to interpret Mr. Young's literary preference to his upper lip and let the whole thing rest with that.

HIS design for working is the envy of every actor in the business. It's been going on for years and somewhere along the line, if it slips a cog, Mr. Young keeps right on rotating on schedule. A certain number of months each year are spent in Hollywood, making pictures. A certain period of time, usually during late spring through early summer, is spent in London, again making pictures or resting. Autumn finds him in New York, often starring in a stage play. His plays including, "Good Gracious, Anna-belle," "Beggar on Horseback," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Queen's Husband," all riotously successful, are results of his New York end of the program.

He seldom attends the movies and is frankly outspoken concerning his own pictures. "The Young in Heart" he thought was adult and amusing. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" offended his moral sense in that it merely implied indiscretion rather than decently asserting it. This beating behind the bush with sex on the screen Mr. Young declares "dirty" and, until one has heard Mr. Young's English inflection used on the word "dirty," one hasn't really lived. The *Topper* series he enjoys, as well he may, and he declares himself happy with "Heaven on a Shoe String," his latest. As the slimy *Uriah Heep* in "David Copperfield," the man proved himself an actor who would have warmed the heart of Dickens himself. No matter whom Mr. Young prefers.

He's in constant demand on radio programs for interpretation of an English sport's announcer which convulses American listeners. He never listens

to the radio, except to good music.

Never, he insists, has he heard an American call himself an "Amurrican" (as our English cousins insist we do), nor has he ever heard an Englishman say "fawncy" (as we love to think they do).

The funniest thing that ever happened to him happened in Philadelphia, which makes it all the funnier. Mr. Young was playing on the stage there, and during the run of the play was invited to a home for tea. Stepping into the living room, Mr. Young's foot came in contact with a polar bear which was quite dead, and zip went Mr. Young on the bear rug, tearing across the floor like sixty. En route he spied a tea wagon and clutching it like mad, the tea wagon joined in the disgraceful journey which terminated at the feet of the dumbfounded hostess, who stood gazing down at little Mr. Young, snug as a bug in his rug, with tea things scattered in all directions.

THE consensus of opinion among mere women and children is that Mr. Young is one of the funniest men alive. "I think," women say everywhere, "he's the cutest thing I've ever laid my eyes on. My, he must be a perfect scream to know."

In the face of all this, I must in all honesty reveal that Mr. Young is not the cutest thing I ever laid my eyes on, nor is he, to me at least, a perfect scream. For be it known, Mr. Young is probably the wisest, the richest in thought, and most tolerant of men.

He has my vote for Hollywood's greatest sophisticate, because of his knowledge of so many things and his wide circle of friends, in Hollywood, in New York, in London and Paris, among those who do things. And yet his sophistication bears roots that probe deep below the surface through great layers of wisdom and understanding to the greatest of all worth-while things: a keen knowledge of the value of simple things. He likes people who are genuine. From all walks and degrees of life they come his way to give him pleasure in thought and ideas and, likewise, they take away from him in heaped-up measure. W. C. Fields, Deems Taylor, Pat O'Brien and Rachel Field, writers, thinkers, just people, go into the construction of his inner plan for living intelligently.

He is an amazing person, not just because his work is such a delight to behold, but that he goes inward and deep in even greater proportion to his tremendous outward cleverness.

Of course, he brings the "perfect scream thing" on himself and can blame no one but himself. Not that he would have it otherwise, we believe. For example, the last time we saw Mr. Young, our interview over, heaven help us both, he was sitting quietly with pad and pencil.

"We will ignore it," we said to ourselves. "We'll pay no attention. We'll just slip away without looking."

We couldn't quite make it. We had to take one peep over his shoulder. As heaven is my judge, Mr. Young was drawing a polka-dotted elephant resting ecstatically on its neck, its four feet extending upward in the breeze.

We got away from there in a hurry. As far as we know, he is still sitting there quietly drawing pictures of bees and elephants in the weirdest kind of poses.

Or at least we wouldn't put it past him.



High-jinks: Roland Young congratulates Dave Chasen (breaking ground for addition to his café), as Jean Rogers, Bob Benchley, David Niven, Bart Marshall and Virginia Pine kibitz

PHOTOPLAY

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PATRICIA MURRAY



A REAL LIFE COMEDY-DRAMA

featuring

PATRICIA MURRAY—the Liberty Girl
 and a cast of Hollywood Stars

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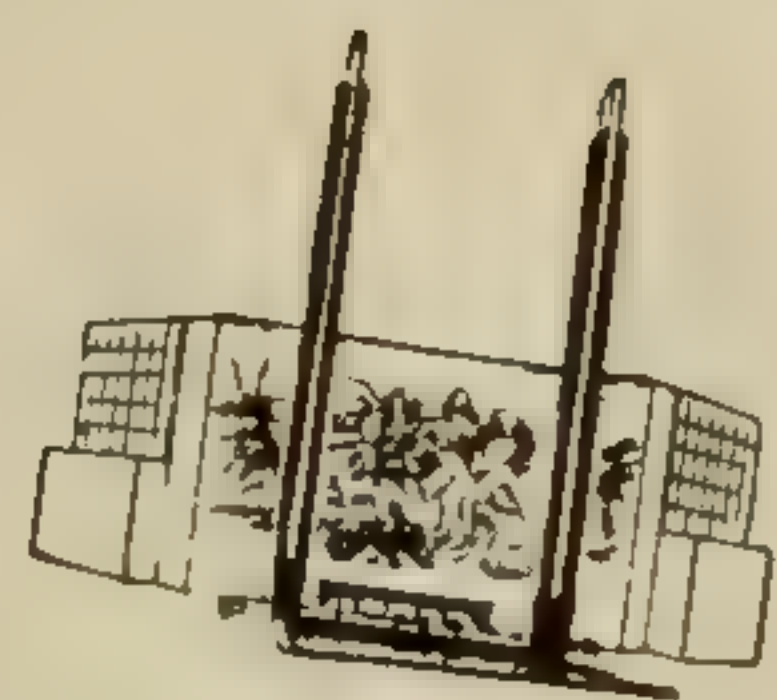
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Directed by LYNN SHORES

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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — 1939



Frank Albertson and Patricia Murray

Mrs. Tyrone Power—

(Continued from page 24)

She can cook good plain food, but doesn't particularly care to. And says so. But gardening. Ah! There's her passion. In one little corner of their extensive grounds she planned and seeded her garden with love and thought and care. (I'm telling you this to show her lack of temper.)

As she was dressing to go to his mother's one evening, Annabella called down to Ty, to please turn the sprinkler on her garden for a few minutes. Two hours later, he remembered he had forgotten to turn off the water.

The garden (her own) was a mudhole when they got back. She laughed at the look of chagrin on Ty's face.

"Let it dry and I will begin over again with a better garden," she said, without a word of complaint.

But then, as I always say, look who let it get muddy.

Her eyes are amazingly alive. They're brown, too, which contrasts favorably with her blonde hair. But they immediately arrest the attention for the lively intelligence they register—a shining awareness to things going on about her. She has read more American novels than most American girls, knows our poets, our philosophers, our humorists and our thinkers. But—and here's something, lassies—with all her intelligent knowing, she wears a pout on her lips. A tantalizing, devastating pout. Now we're getting places.

THE two outstanding things about her that I think would interest a man and hold that interest are her healthy vitality and her adaptability.

She has a vim about her that makes her lazier, more indolent sisters look like so many wet hens under a dripping drainpipe. At this same party I had noted the trim figure of her in her blue slacks (well, everybody else wore them) as she stood in the center of the room with Ty and a group of friends. I had turned my head for just an instant when suddenly I was aware that a minor commotion had happened near me. Not a sound had been made but a feeling of something vital and exciting close by, startled me. I turned to glance into the puckish, almost impish, face of Annabella.

"Oh, Miss Annabella," I cried, "you almost scared the pa—" (I was going to say pants off me, but remembered to be refined in time. I discovered later that she'd have loved the idea of the pants.)

"I can make him do anything I say tonight," she said, nodding at Ty.

"Make him think I'm wonderful," I suggested.

"In the marble game I gave him for his birthday, I had highest score tonight and, you know me, I never get over 600, 800, 900. But I won tonight, and the bet was he would do anything I ask. I could have made him come in white tie and tails," she grinned, "but I didn't."

"There," said a guest (a director, by the way), looking at Annabella (as if all the men didn't most of the evening), "is my idea of a man's woman. She has vim, vitality, worldly knowledge, healthy good looks without artfulness. But, with it all, she has a certain feminine quality. A gentleness that no man could ever mistake. That's why she's a man's woman. And why Ty Power is the luckiest dog in town."

I'm only telling you what he said.

Of course, this refreshing liveliness could be attributed to the fact that Annabella was born in Paris, on July 14th, with flags waving and guns booming in celebration of Bastille Day. Per-

haps this tiny French mite caught the gay spirit of festive activity and carried it on with her through life (and carried it much too far for disappointed American girls, if you ask me).

SHE has a persistency that cannot be downed. As a schoolgirl in Paris, she became intensely interested in movies and our American stars. Now this, of course, is only natural as who of us hasn't at one time or another fallen under the magic spell of the camera? But, you see, Annabella (she chose the name from Poe's "Annabel Lee" according to the press agents. I don't believe a word of it. It's just cute and Suzanne Charpentier was cute to know it. Wish I had thought of it first) takes her crushes in earnest and nothing could swerve her. She, too, would become a movie star, she determined, and let who will be clever. Only she was both. That's the catch, you see. She practiced for hours on end in the back-yard chicken coop of their home outside Paris, swooning all over the homemade stage, with her dog as a villain and her very bored brother as a director, with his cap on backwards. It was the vogue in those days. Like De Mille's puttees.

Her father, Pierre Charpentier, director of a weekly publication in Paris, would stare at his lovely daughter dressed as Mae Murray giving an imitation of Norma Talmadge, and sigh. And Annabella would sigh back.

"What ails her?" a visitor at their home asked.

"The cinema," shrugged her father. "She wants to be an actress in the cinema."

The friend was interested. Quietly he arranged for Annabella to make a test at a Paris studio and—well, her persistency won. Won through her agony of shyness, won her rôles in several French films, forced her to learn the English language in three months for the rôle in "Wings of the Morning." Persistency—it brought her through the loneliest year of her life in Hollywood, when she arrived here to make the French version of "Caravan" with Charles Boyer. It even brought her back to Hollywood, after she mastered the language, to make pictures in English and it won her—Tyrone Power. Tsch, Tsch!

Her adaptability is equally amazing. She has adapted herself to America and its ways with a childish eagerness that's almost touching to see. She works at learning our games, deciphering our humor and liking our food. Ears of corn, crisp spareribs with horse-radish, sauerkraut and doughnuts, these she eats with apparent enjoyment. This is her husband's world and hers. To hell with indigestion! Vive l'Amérique!

She has the talent for lending a feeling of adventure to every little thing that comes her way. For instance, all their wedding presents, in their colorful

wrappings, she heaped about the fireplace of their empty living room, giving an air of Christmas to an otherwise barren room. She can bring a holiday feeling to every little jaunt or event. A trip to Boulder Dam (she's seen more historical spots in the Far West than any ten residents) becomes an electrifying escapade to hear her tell it. An open car and an open road are challenges to be met by Annabella. She radiates adventure, if it's only a trip to Santa Barbara.

It might be well, at this point, to conceal from impatient beaux and husbands who have spent a small lifetime waiting for sweethearts or wives to get dressed, the fact that at least one woman in the world can beat a man to the front door.

"I am always ready first," Annabella grins.

She wears little make-up (unless these French women are terribly clever at concealing it), she dresses simply, goes snip and zip to the hair and there she is—waiting and ready for Ty Power, doggone it all.

"I believe," I told her, "we deserve most of the things we get in life. Your happiness with Tyrone was undoubtedly deserved."

Her eyes filled with wonder. "Oh, no," she said simply, "I have never done anything to deserve this great happiness. Oh, no, I can tell you that. I could not think of anything I have ever done, to deserve anything so wonderful. I am so happy, I am almost ashamed," she added, "because I have not earned so great a happiness."

Could you—or would you, rather—speak so humbly and so honestly of any share of happiness that is yours?

"SHE can be a child," her dearest friend, Mrs. Charles Boyer, told me, "and then when you need a woman's understanding, somehow she's just as suddenly a woman. Listening and sharing."

"She has grown more than anyone I've ever known in the past three years. Her feet are on the ground. She's developed a new philosophy of courage. She knows, definitely, the things she wants of life. She'll get them, too. She doesn't give her friendship freely, but once given it's for always. In the past six months her mastery of English is amazing. I've never seen anything like her progress. She has great chic and impulsiveness. She wants to do things immediately. As they occur to her. She's great to be with for her lightness of mood and gaiety. She makes a great chum. She's so young to be such a woman of the world, but she loves America, and here she has planted her roots. Here she will live and grow."

"She adores American slang and thinks she's a master of it."

"It's 'kay by you' is her interpretation of 'Okay by me,'" laughed Mrs. Boyer.

Only two kinds of frocks repose in

her wardrobe. Sport dresses or slacks and shorts for daytime and home wear, and formal dresses for evening. No afternoon frills or chiffons clutter up her life or cupboards.

She drinks only a little and smokes one cigarette a day. Right after dinner.

A single superstition reveals a charming side to Miss Annabella, as Hollywood calls her. Once when she was a little girl named Suzanne Charpentier she rapped on the wood of her mother's bed three times to make a wish come true. The results were far beyond her dreams.

"Now, no matter where I am," she told us, "I mentally rap on the wood of my mother's bed when I make a wish. And when people say, 'Are you not rapping on wood?' I only laugh for, inside of me, my soul is rapping on wood."

SHARING with others all the beauty and success and happiness that comes her way is part and parcel of this girl called Annabella. Once she was established in Hollywood, enjoying the beauty of California, she must send for her family so that they, too, might enjoy the wonders of it all. Her father, brother, and little daughter by the first marriage that ended in the death of her husband, and her second husband, Jean Murat, the French actor, were all brought to a Hollywood that was so different from the lonely world she lived in that one long year.

When distance and careers, each with their own work in a different country, built its inevitable barrier between Annabella and her husband, Murat, whose work called him back to France, they were quietly divorced. Her small daughter remained in Hollywood with the actress to share the love and success of her young and lovely mother.

She's an up-early-in-the-morning girl, this girl who married Ty.

"It is the most glorious time of day," she says. "Something so new so fresh and wonderful about mornings. Sometimes when I phone my friends still at eleven o'clock they are in bed. This is such a mistake when early morning is so beautiful."

He did all right, Ty Power, didn't he? I'm afraid we've got to admit it.

"And what of the problems that so often arise between two married stars with careers?" we boldly asked.

"Problem?" Annabella's brown eyebrows arched upward. "But there will be no problem. I love my husband much better than I do my career and if it should come to a decision it will be my husband I choose."

"It's all very simple, really."

If you ask me, I think she has him for life, girls.

All the way from France and her childhood comes the furniture that will fill their first new home together. Patiently, they have waited for weeks for its arrival so that her life as a child and young woman may be definitely tied to Tyrone's and her new life by these material, as well as spiritual, bonds.

"It will be nice to look at some chest or chair I have always known and think, 'We are here together,'" she explained. And in a gesture with these beloved pieces of hers, she is sharing moments and memories of childhood with the man she loves—Tyrone Power. Binding yesterday and today together.

She thinks straight, radiates warmth, and displays intelligence. But, remember, with it all she keeps a pout—an inviting pout—on her lips.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

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The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 9)

settings for the best pictures are all in Hollywood . . . but there is no two ways about it . . . Hollywood does need freshness in its point of view . . . the thing to be thankful for is that at last it is getting it. . . .

For example . . . William Pine, who is Cecil B. DeMille's very capable and most intelligent associate producer, took charge of the company that went out on the "Union Pacific" trek . . . Bill said he felt as though "they had been out shaking hands with America". . . .

This, for instance, happened to them. . . . The "Union Pacific" train was headed toward Springfield, Mass. . . the mayor of Springfield wired and said that he'd like to entertain all the "Union Pacific" crowd for breakfast . . . they agreed . . . it wasn't until later that they discovered the breakfast was set for seven A.M. . . . seven A.M. to a bunch of people who frequently considered that a good hour to end a night! . . .

THAT same enthusiasm was lavished upon the stars of the "Dodge City" premiere . . . Errol Flynn confessed that while he had never been flattered by autograph seekers, figuring that most of them were just crazy kids, it did give him a new respect for his profession and a new wish to provide great entertainment when he came into Dodge City and saw a hundred thousand men and women there to welcome him. . . .

On the same trip, pretty little Jane Wyman, noticing a girl in the crowd, wearing a dress exactly like one Jane had worn months before in one of her pictures, questioned the girl and found out the dress had cost eight dollars and ninety-five cents . . . Jane's dress had cost ninety-five dollars . . . it wasn't the difference in cost that bothered Janie . . . what worried her was her feeling that it wasn't a very smart dress . . . she considered it too fussy a dress for a girl to wear every day . . . so now young Miss Wyman is being very conscientious about her film frocks . . . seeing to it that they will be styles just right for girls in the small towns. . . .

The movie makers themselves got a jolt on this trip, when Jean Parker, whom they considered all washed up and whom they more or less had just taken along for the ride . . . got the biggest reception from the crowds of any of the stars on the "Dodge City" caravan . . . the result of these receptions means a new career for pretty Jean . . . and a doubtless disturbing realization to the movie makers that they aren't positively the last word on the public's love of stars. . . .

The idea isn't that Hollywood's meeting the ticket buyers should act as any-

thing but a stimulus to better pictures . . . the idea is not that the magical city with its waving palms and its yellow-flowered mimosa trees should be deserted . . . Hollywood with its sunshine, its beautiful homes, its marvelous studios can never be lost . . . but all that beauty . . . the very fact that it is a small town with a single industry, does mean that its point of view narrows . . . and that is what it must lose . . . because it is a village of luxury with everyone talking the same language . . . its people do need to get out and travel about whenever they can . . . get out and mingle with people who aren't actors, or writers, or very rich producers . . . but just us, the people who love them and support them . . . if Hollywood gets to understand us better through this personal contact, we likewise will understand Hollywood better and both sides will benefit. . . .

As, for example, Nelson Eddy on this spring's tour . . . Nelson came into a little town in Michigan . . . as is the custom with song recitals, he opened his program with an operatic number in Italian . . . then he sang several classical numbers . . . that was all as it has always been with song recitals . . . Nelson was singing divinely . . . but the audience seemed a little restless . . . finally Mr. Eddy announced that he would sing two American numbers, the first of which was "Home on the Range". . . .

From the back row a voice piped up, "Attaboy, Nelson . . . that's the kind of singing we want . . . we can understand that one" . . .

"That was funny," Nelson said, "but at the same time it made me realize that Americans are becoming more conscious that their own native music is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It's as a result of discovering this that I'll arrange my program for next year and it will be a different one from any I've given in the past". . . .

In other words, Nelson, who is one of the most sincere artists appearing today, will, instead of doing the customary, even artistic program, think more about singing things we all can understand . . . the public that loved Jean Parker, despite poor productions that weren't at all her fault, will have her restored to it . . . and the Hollywood stars and producers, getting to see us, may relearn that a very little art goes a very long way with us, but that we never get too much laughter . . . it all ought to add up to more money for Hollywood and more pleasure for us . . . if, by rediscovering, this is the happy result . . . won't it be wonderful . . . gosh . . . or, as Bing Crosby always says . . . double-goody. . . .

FOR MOVIE-MINDED BOOK LOVERS

CRITICS love to say that the real story of Hollywood has never been written—however, we like to feel that Katherine Albert has done it in "Remember Valerie March," published by Simon and Schuster. Here is Hollywood without the sugar coating, in a story that stands on its own merits. The background happens to be Hollywood, because that's the sort of heroine it has. Yet, if Valerie's burning ambition had led her into other fields, it would still be a whale of a good characterization. You may recognize Valerie—you'll probably identify her with half a dozen stars—but she still emerges as a woman with a personality all her own.

Conrad Powers, who tells the story, is the only other character who really counts. As Valerie's director, he's an ideal choice, not only in presenting the biography of one he knows so well, but also because, in his viewpoint, you'll find the very spirit of motion pictures.

There are many dramatic moments, some far from pretty, but you'll probably remember longest Conrad's visit to Valerie's birthplace—now a ghost city, but once a boom town, from which Valerie drew the overwhelming vitality which was at once her greatest glory and her most vicious handicap. You won't easily forget his poignant comparison of the haggard wife of Valerie's first sweetheart with the glitter-girl he knows, who, despite her twisted moral code, had the drive to pull herself out of her sordid beginnings. In fact, if the book affects you as it did us, you'll find that you will "Remember Valerie March"!

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WHETHER you're a girl with millions of dollars to spend, or a girl on a tiny budget—always remember this: No girl can be attractive to others unless she's always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

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MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum before or *after* dressing. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

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Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It gives your lips warm, ardent, exciting color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00. For an "Air-Spun" Make-up... use Coty Lipstick with "Air-Spun" Rouge and "Air-Spun" Face Powder. Textures blend magically. The colors of your skin, cheeks and lips harmonize, as Nature intended!

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Hoping You Are the Same

(Continued from page 60)

A little later, sister Rosemary joined Pat in New York.

New York City

DEAR Roberta:

Well, maybe I can't get into the movies, but Rosemary and I are now a part of Fred Waring's "Pennsylvanians." I'd have you know! It happened very suddenly. Rosemary and I were in a music producer's office, one day, going over some songs and Mr. Waring happened in and heard us. And he signed us just like that! Imagine! I am so thrilled I don't know what to do and I don't think Rosemary does, either.

Yours,
Pat

P.S. Rosemary says I haven't made it clear what we're going to do in the band. We're going to sing. P.

ROBERTA, my love!

I know I haven't been a very good correspondent, and incidentally, I do want you to know how much Rosemary and I have enjoyed and appreciated your letters and cards. But I couldn't wait to write you about our newest good luck! Mr. Waring and the band and Rosemary and even your humble servant are on our way to Hollywood to make a movie! The name is to be "Varsity Show." Rosemary and I are to have featured parts.

Yes, we all took screen tests and even though my other one turned out to be such a flop, I got my courage up and did the best I could in the one that Warner Brothers (that is the studio which will make the picture) made of me. It was a very different kind of a test. I sang a song or two and danced and in just a few days back came an okay on me as well as Rosemary and Mr. Waring and the band.

Bye, now. I'll be writing you from Hollywood!

The new Greta Garbo

And then, shortly after,

Hollywood, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

Here at last! And in such a dither. Of course, at the studio (my, doesn't that sound important?) Rosemary and I try to appear very calm and collected, but just the same I have to pinch myself to know I'm not dreaming it all!

The very first day we arrived and met the big shots like Mr. Hal Wallis and Mr. Keighley, who is to direct "Varsity Show," and some honest-to-goodness movie stars, too. Dick Powell, for instance, who was just as nice as pie, and Joan Blondell who is a lot prettier off the screen than she is on and Errol Flynn and George Brent! Oh boy!

So, so long, now, my deah! I'll be seeing you in pictures—or vice versa!

Pat

P. S. 2nd. I met Wayne Morris today. Don't know why I didn't mention him first on account of he's cute!

P.

After "Varsity Show" was "in the box," she and Rosemary were on the road again with the "Pennsylvanians." But the Hollywood "bug" had bitten hard. Warner Brothers offered them a contract. "Love, Honor and Behave" was Pat's next picture—the leading feminine rôle—opposite Wayne Morris.

Hollywood, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

I should be studying lines, but thought I'd take you at your word when you say you like to hear about my Hollywood doings, and drop you a note. I'm having to work much harder in this new picture than I did in "Varsity Show" because, of course, my part is bigger. Wayne helps, though. He has had a lot more experience than I have, but he is never condescending or patronizing. Well—as a matter of fact, I have been having some dates with him and, as I said at first, I think he's cute. Of course, at first the publicity department started it, saying we should be seen together since we were playing in the same picture, but it hasn't been very hard to take. You've seen Wayne in pictures, of course. Well, in real life he's a good deal like that—kind of boyish and likable—lots of fun, too.

But maybe I rave on too much. I know I'm very young. I hope to have a career and I am sure I should concentrate on that and not romance.

Yours,
Pat

Hollywood, California.
Saturday

DEAREST Roberta:

I was pretty cheerful in my last letter, but I don't feel that way today. I've just seen the preview of "Love, Honor and Behave." Well, I remember how I felt after "Varsity Show." I wanted to crawl away somewhere and hide for a while. Well, this time, I'd like to disappear permanently! I never thought I was a raving beauty, but I did think I looked human until I saw "Love, Honor and Behave!" Take my advice and don't go to see it!

Desolately,
Pat

After "Love, Honor and Behave" came a couple more hits, "Men Are Such Fools" and "Cowboy from Brooklyn."

Van Nuys,
Sunday

DEAR Roberta:

Rosemary and I are going to take a swim pretty soon, but I will dash off a line. No, wedding presents are not in order, my dear—but definitely!

As a matter of fact, I am not seeing very much of Wayne, these days. And I guess it is just as well. I did like him. I do like him. But I'm very young and so is he, for that matter, and it seems better all around to let romance alone. It's difficult to put things on paper. Not that there's much to tell even though the columns have gone on at length about us. You know, Roberta, that has been a hard thing for me to "take" here in Hollywood—the fact that a movie actor or actress seems to be sort of "public property" and that you have about as much privacy as a goldfish. Everything you do—every little thing—is considered news and is written up. You go somewhere for dinner and read about it at breakfast the next morning. And it is all disconcerting. But, although I remember it was very thrilling to spot our names in the Camp Fire Girls write-ups in Indianola, it kind of gets my goat, now. I'm me—just as I always was.

Yours, ditherishly,
Pat

Following "Cowboy from Brooklyn," Pat got her biggest part to date, that of

"Ann" in "Four Daughters," followed by a starring rôle in "Brother Rat."

DEAREST Roberta:

I've been intending to write you for a long time, but have been so busy.

Anyway—the only news I have is that Wayne and I are to play in a new picture together, "Brother Rat." That's irony, isn't it, although when you come right down to cases, I don't suppose it really makes any difference. He's got a new girl, I hear, and it's supposed to be quite serious. As for me—well, I manage to get along.

Hoping you are the same—love,
Pat

"Brother Rat" was finished and Wayne got married. Pat went to work in "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and began going round with Oren Haglund, the attractive assistant director. Then Roberta asked Pat if she did nothing but work.

North Hollywood

DEAR Roberta:

You say that my recent letters have been "all work." Well, for a while it seemed that work was all I had to think about, but recently there has been some fun, too. To illustrate, just the other night Rosemary and I and our respective boy friends went on a regular bust! Yes, sir! We went to Venice and "did" the town! Venice is a beach resort and we didn't miss a concession—rode the rolly-coaster; careened around in the fun house; whirled on the merry-go-round. The whole thing was my idea of an elegant time!

Yes, I suppose you've read about Oren and me in the columns, but don't believe everything you read!

Yours, heart whole and fancy free
Pat

Del Monte, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

We're up here on location for "Daughters Courageous," and ordinarily I would be enjoying it. But for the first time since I have been in the movies, I got temperamental today and I'm still upset. The thing was, we'd been working terribly hard and then, today, the director wanted us to work through until eight o'clock without any dinner. Well, I hadn't had time for much lunch and I was hungry and tired and all of a sudden I wanted to rave and rant. I tell you, I had to clench my fists hard, to keep from yelling like a Comanche. And I just up and told the director I wouldn't do it!

Well, it was kind of funny. I had never disobeyed or even questioned a director in my life before, and his jaw dropped a mile. In fact, he looked so astonished, I suddenly wanted to laugh and, incidentally, felt a lot better.

But I stood my ground and after a minute he said, "Well, all right," and dismissed the whole company.

I've just been talking to Lola about it. She said she didn't blame me, but for Pete's sake, not to take advantage of this one instance in which I was probably in the right. She says a temperamental actor or actress is as passé, these days, as button shoes. There are too many others docile and just as talented, waiting to snap up her chances.

So now, although I feel better for having got all this off my chest, I do feel kind of sheepish. And I shall be a very, very good girl tomorrow!

Yours,
Pat

(Continued from page 59)

should have, her eyebrows are right for her face, and she has learned how best to wear her hair.

I think perhaps the most vital change in Gail is the self-confidence and awareness that has come to her. The self-consciousness that once kept her from really expressing herself is gone, and poise has taken its place. For no one can be truly attractive and at ease unless she has confidence in herself and in the knowledge that she looks her best. Her grooming is always perfect, so she always feels sure of herself, and she's found the best way to care for her skin and her hair, although her make-up routine is very simple.

She's one of those very fortunate girls who has very white skin and she protects it by staying out of the sun and avoiding a tan. It's so clear that she never needs or uses rouge. She keeps her skin soft and smooth by cleansing it with cream first, then removing all traces of the cream with soap and water, and pats on an astringent afterwards. She has a cute make-up trick of using white talcum powder over her powder base, and then over the talcum patting on her own powder which exactly matches the shade of her skin.

Gail has learned never to use eye shadow since her eyes are naturally deep set, so she merely accents her lashes with mascara. Her various lipsticks are chosen to tone in with the shades of her clothes, and her nail polish always matches the lipstick.

One of Gail's ambitions in life is to have a white streak in her black hair. At present, she possesses six white hairs that grow right above the middle part in her hair. She combs them very carefully so they'll show and proudly displays them at every opportunity. She is forever experimenting with new coiffures. She says that a new hairdress is as bolstering to the morale as a new hat.

Today, Gail dresses to suit her type, and one of the most striking things about her is her lovely carriage. She's a tall girl, you know, but her carriage is graceful because she never tries to look shorter and because her posture is right. If you're tall, do follow Gail's example. Acquire the habit of standing up straight and carrying yourself gracefully. Wear high heels if you like them and if they're appropriate to your ensemble.

The change in Gail wasn't easy to accomplish. It took an enormous amount of time and effort, of experiment and constant striving for perfection, but the result of all this was certainly worth it. This happened in Hollywood, but it can happen to every girl in every town in the country. Gail had the benefit of expert advice, but you can experiment with yourselves until you find your true type. You can develop your own personality and experiment with various make-ups until you find just the right one to express yourself.

FOUNDATION CREAMS—Perc Westmore, director of make-up at Warner Brothers studio, was telling me the other day, with much surprise and horror, that he's discovered that a great number of girls and women don't use foundation cream, but simply pat powder on their bare faces and expect their powder to do all the work of covering blemishes and protecting the skin.

He emphasizes the fact that foundation cream is really the master control board of make-up. With it, you may spotlight your good points, and fade the

bad ones far into the background; you can create contour and erase facial blemishes. By the adroit use of foundation cream, you can disguise a sallowness, freckles and large pores. The cream itself helps to protect your skin from wind and sunburn and keeps normally dry skin soft and delicate.

"When you rely on powder alone for color and skin tone," advises Mr. Westmore, "you'll notice a caked appearance and deepening of color around the nostrils and between your eyebrows and on the chin. This is because the oily secretions of the skin mix with the powder and intensify its color. That's why foundation creams are so important—they accept these secretions and prevent discoloration.

"That's just one advantage of foundation cream. Another is its use in corrective make-up. The corrective aids of foundation cream are almost numberless, and they are a vitally important part of a screen star's knowledge before the cameras and in private life as well. You can do wonders with it."

Mr. Westmore whipped out several shades of foundation cream and demonstrated its uses in make-up to conceal your bad points. You can make yourself over if you use it correctly. Here are some of the things he showed me that you can do yourself.

If you have shadows beneath the eyes and want to look young and carefree for a gay evening, use a bit of dark foundation on the puffy lower lid. Then you apply light foundation to the darkened area just below this. This makes the puffiness disappear and disguises the darkened skin.

If you have a large nose, Mr. Westmore says to use a lighter foundation in the cheek area close to the nose. This creates an illusion of fullness in the cheeks and minimizes your nose. He cautions you, however, never to use a dark foundation on the nose itself.

If your nose is short and rather flat, then you use a lighter foundation cream than your regular shade that just matches the color of your skin, right down the center of your nose, stopping at the tip. This makes your nose look narrower and not so flat.

Mr. Westmore says, "If your face is small and your neck appears to be short and thick, use a darker foundation on the neck. Conversely, if your neck is long and thin, use a lighter foundation than you apply on your face."

If you have a double chin, use a darker foundation there to minimize it; and a lighter foundation cream on a receding chin seems to bring it into better proportion.

With very prominent cheekbones, use a darker foundation over the cheekbones to reduce their prominence, and use a lighter foundation in the hollows of the cheeks to bring them out and in the recession at the temples.

This combining of foundation shades is one of the most effective make-up tricks that you can possibly use. Be sure, however, to pat the two tones together evenly as you blend them so there will be no line of demarcation between them, because the important part of this process is to do it subtly so people won't notice the technique used, but merely the final result.

Here's a last tip from Mr. Westmore: If your foundation cream does not spread easily, dip the fingertips into water, scatter a few drops over your face, and pat it lightly to insure even distribution. This way the cream will blend smoothly and evenly into your skin.

MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT — and out of love after the first dance



For sure protection YOU NEED A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT

"You need a true perspiration check that is still effective after a bath, shopping or dancing"

Donna Dix

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For long-lasting daintiness you need a *long-lasting* deodorant—one that cannot wash off in a bath or fail you after one or two dances. One that still protects you after an afternoon of shopping or a fast game of tennis.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's enough to *start out* sweet . . . that you won't perspire enough to matter. *Everyone* does! Especially when you're gay and excited—just when you're thinking least about it, and when it's most important to be appealing.

You can be sure!

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You can forget about underarm dampness and perspiration odor for three whole days! You need never worry about ruining frocks with unsightly perspiration stains.

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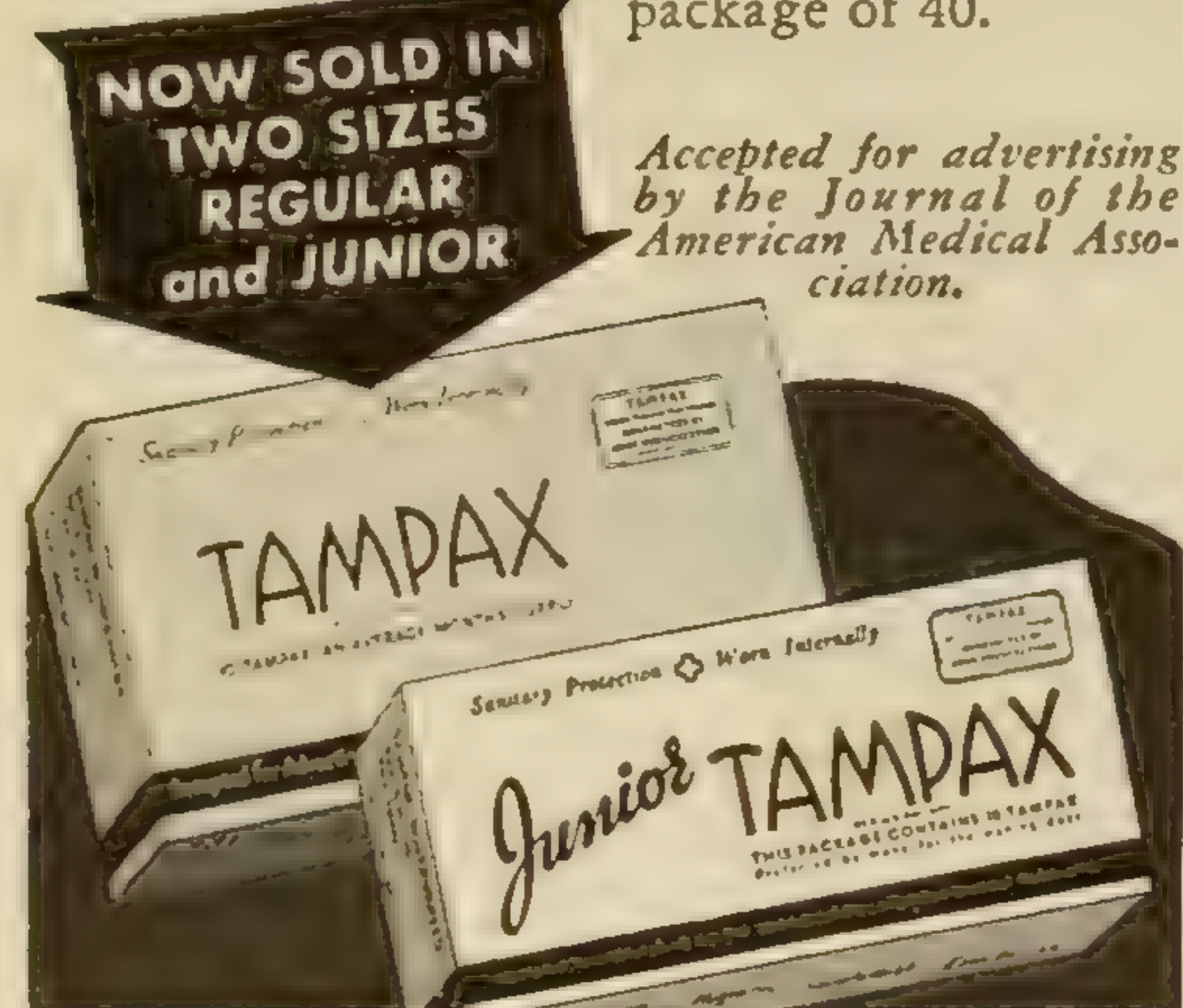
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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 15)

liantime and press in the grooves of the waves with a lukewarm marcel iron. It may be necessary to resort to this treatment for more than one wave but, in an unbelievably short time, your hair, trained to behave dutifully, will respond naturally to a water wave. (Emily Moore.)

HAIR OF ANOTHER COLOR

1. If, as a result of using hair coloring, you have a hard look, tone the color of your hair down a few shades. And be prepared to look more like a Christmas tree angel than Sadie Thompson. (Emily Moore.)

2. The reputable hair dyes and tints that are on the market today are absolutely harmless, easy to apply, and they last from four to six weeks. They rejuvenate drab, faded hair—and make you look as if you'd found the Fountain of Youth. (Emily Moore.)

3. The only danger you face when you color your hair is loss of perspective. For, as you become accustomed to your new hair, you're likely to keep intensifying its color. And this ruins your chic. (Guilaroff.)

4. Don't try to recapture the color your hair used to be. Allow for the change that has come into your skin tone when you touch up your hair. (Guilaroff.)

PUT DOWN THOSE SHEARS...

that curling iron, that waving comb... until you decide which of the seven basic facial types you are (If you have already decided to which facial type you belong from reading last month's article on make-up, just look for your type)... and what basic lines your hair should follow.

PERC WESTMORE HAS THE FLOOR

The Oval Face: Artists call this the ideal face. And if, like Kay Francis, you're fortunate enough to have such a face, a face that is a lovely oval in contour, make the most of it—use your hair to frame it entrancingly...

1. Wear your hair ever so simply.
2. Keep your hair oval in outline.
3. Don't have your hair come down over your brow—draw it back from your forehead.
4. Follow oval contour of face in your hair style. This keeps the facial outline young and soft.

The Round Face: If your face is full in outline, even at the jawline and forehead, as Sonja Henie's is, you must temper the general roundness by your coiffure. So...

1. Keep your hairline soft. A severe, sleek hairline is too silly with a round face.
2. Curl your hair in soft, broad, loose waves; never in stiff, set waves.
3. Have your hair full at your jawline and below it. This will make your face appear longer.

The Square Face: This face has a broad jaw, a square chin line, and a square line across the forehead and at the temples. If you're fair and square, like Ann Sheridan, or if you're just square...

1. Slant the part in your hair.
2. Bangs are likely to be becoming. Especially if they're thin and softly waved, and curved in a heart-shaped line.
3. Do everything you can to create

an illusion of softness and roundness in your coiffure. Keep it fluffy rather than square, severe or tailored.

The Oblong Face: This face is thin and long and the forehead is only a trifle wider than the chin. Loretta Young is the perfect example of this face. It requires...

1. That you dress your hair to lend your face width.
2. That you fluff your hair at the sides of your face or wear it full behind your ears.
3. That you have your hair of a length that is on a line with your chin.
4. That you keep the hair on top of your head sleek and flat, to foreshorten your face, making it seem less long and thin.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide while the forehead tapers and is narrow. Alice Faye has a triangle face. If you have, too...

1. Get your hair up and back from your temples, so you create an illusion of greater width in your forehead and greater length to your face.
2. Use your natural hairline and keep your forehead entirely exposed.
3. Your hairline should be soft behind your ears.
4. Don't have your hair full at your jawline.

The Inverted Triangle Face: This virtually is the opposite of a triangle face. Here the forehead is broad and the face tapers from the cheekbones leaving the jaw and chin narrow—with the chin pointed, too, likely enough. It's a face like Priscilla Lane's. And it requires exactly the opposite hair arrangement from a triangle face...

1. Your top hair should be arranged easily with a soft little dip coming down on your forehead to cut its height.
2. The fullness of your hair should begin above and behind your ears.
3. Your hair should be dressed fullest on a line with your mouth.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you're the diamond type with extreme width through your cheek-

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 66 with these correct ones:

1. Laurence Olivier
2. Dennis O'Keefe, Clark Gable
3. Grace Moore
4. Stan Laurel, Illeana
5. Binnie Barnes
6. George Brent
7. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
8. Ona Munson
9. Norma Shearer
10. Lewis Stone
11. Anne Shirley
12. Fred Astaire
13. Harold Lloyd
14. Nelson Eddy
15. Jack Holt, Noah Beery
16. Franchot Tone
17. Madeleine Carroll
18. Norman Foster, Leslie Fenton
19. Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy
20. Loretta Young

bones, a forehead that's narrow and a chin that's pointed...

1. Keep your hair off your forehead.
2. Have your hair soft and close to your head on top and at the upper sides of your face.
3. Wear your hair in a full line below your cheeks.

IF IT'S NEITHER A CROWN NOR A GLORY*

* At the risk of offending the immortal poets we admit hair isn't always these things... but we also insist it almost always can be.

1. The first thing to do isn't spectacular at all. Simply buy a good hairbrush. And wear it out as quickly as possible. In our grandmothers' day, women didn't shampoo their hair as often as they do today and they didn't have nearly as many beauty aids. But they did have brushes. And they used them. And they did have beautiful hair. (Guilaroff.)

2. Make certain, by consulting that honest friend, your mirror, that you haven't let your hair get too long. For anything but the very simplest coiffures, hair should be kept short. (Guilaroff.)

3. See to it that you retain nice, clean lines to your hair and head. If your head is large, be especially careful on this score. Don't make the fatal mistake of trying to disguise your head size with curls and frizzes. (Guilaroff.)

4. Try new effects occasionally. And don't fold up if a certain change requires some radical measure—if it's at all reasonable to suppose, from all you have read here, that such a change will benefit you. The smart woman is the woman who has the courage to try new things. (Guilaroff.)

5. If your hair is dry and crimping because of an unfortunate permanent, don't brood over it while you go about looking like a scarecrow. Use your brooding time to administer hot oil shampoos. Have two a week in the beginning. Then, when marked improvement shows, have one a week until your hair has luster and looks alive again. (Emily Moore.)

6. Very often, hair is thin simply because of poor circulation. A good brush will remedy poor circulation in jig time. Brush your hair. Massage your scalp. Then brush your hair all over again. (Emily Moore.)

7. Nothing looks worse than hair that is being trained to go a way it doesn't want to go. If this is your difficulty, brush your hair every night in the new direction it is to take. Use a damp brush. And when you have finished—bind up your hair so it will be held in place until morning. Three weeks of this treatment usually is enough. (Emily Moore.)

8. There isn't any better general tonic for your hair than to brush it dry following shampoos—even if you have to moisten it again to set your wave. (Hazel Rogers.)

"You made me what I am today..." That old number is the theme song the stars sing to the studio miracle men, the dress designers, particularly. For clothes can change your appearance from a liability into an asset—without changing your budget from an asset into a liability. Whether you're a duckling who yearns to be a beautiful swan or a beautiful swan who still isn't satisfied, you'll be thrilled and inspired next month when the dress designers stand up and recite their little pieces. Wait... just wait—SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY.

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 55)

THE KID FROM KOKOMO—Warners

WARNERS have simply taken the lid off on this one. It's boisterous, burlesqued comedy of the unfettered, never-mind-making-any-sense school. Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien carry the burden of the piece, with May Robson helping out every chance she gets. Morris plays the country yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a simple sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. O'Brien, a fight manager, persuades the kid to become a professional boxer, arguing that only in this way—with the publicity and all—will he ever turn mama out of her hiding. In a crisis, Pat bails drunken May Robson out of jail and tells the kid this is his Ma. Everything gets very complicated, but Joan Blondell assists Pat, her fiance, and Wayne falls in love with Jane Wyman, and Maxie Rosenbloom gets knocked cold. You'll find a lot of laughs in this thing, even if you can't make head or tail out of the plot.

THE GORILLA—20th Century-Fox

THIS is the picture, you will remember, which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. They quit and the studio had one heck of a time getting them back. The result of all this is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror and you are caused to laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. Aside from the mild impression that the Ritz bag of tricks is getting a bit worn, there is nothing to remember after the last scene. After all, it all depends on whether or not you are Ritz fans. Bela Lugosi, Anita Louise and others are victims of it all.

★ THE GIRL FROM MEXICO—RKO-Radio

LUPE VELEZ comes roaring back onto celluloid again, after a long absence, and it's a good picture. Furthermore, Lupe's swell in it. Her forte, of course, is wild comedy and the laughs all come about when Donald Woods, a radio agent, is sent down to Mexico to get a program singer. He finds Lupe, signs her, and then his troubles start. Back in New York again the Velez discovers Don's plans are to marry Linda Hayes (screen comer). But Lupe's decided she wants Don herself—and she sets out to fix things up proper. Don can't escape her because he's promised everybody in the village, including Lupe's parents and the local judge, that he'll look after her. As if she needed anyone to look after her!

There's plenty of slapstick in this and of course you have the fiery little Mexican's personality to watch, which would be almost sufficient without the good story, the galloping pace, the able direction.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

YOU would have thought, with Gene Krupa's drums to work with, and a supporting cast of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, that Paramount could have turned out a particularly fine piece of entertainment here. The film is disappointing. There's not much story, but what there is concerns a mid-way barker (Hope) who, with his company, tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs thrown in, and Hope tries very hard throughout. Some like it hot, certainly—but this is peas porridge cold.

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G. N.

IN this out-and-out melodrama, in which producer Eugene Frenke brings his wife, Anna Sten, back to the screen, another helping of Americanism is passed around. Stirring our patriotic emotions, this time, is the tale of a girl whose hope of citizenship is dashed just as she is about to swear allegiance to our country. Implication in the murder of her chemist boss, who has completed a deadly acid, makes her an undesirable alien and she is shipped across country on the Exile Express for deportation. The spies responsible for the chemist's death, attempt to kidnap her for she, alone, knows the secret of the acid's formula. This leads to a crazy-quilt series of events climaxing in a fade-out of Anna, starry-eyed, taking her citizenship oath, flanked by hero reporter, Alan Marshal. He, by the way, is the guy who unmasks master spy, Jerome Cowan, establishes Anna Sten's innocence and wins the fair lady.

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

HUSKY little Jane Withers is still chasing down the gangsters and helping out the police in this latest of her pictures. Her brother is a rookie cop, has been assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too, for the benefit of eventual justice. Arleen Whelan, once Twentieth Century's white hope, is lost somewhere in this run-of-the-mill piece; her minor romantic interest is played by Richard Bond.

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

WALTER PIDGEON, suave and with that sophisticated tired look around his eyes, here plays a prosecutor who is very ambitious politically and convicts all sorts of people on evidence that often is faked. Finally he is railroaded to the pen himself, and whom should he find there but all his 6000 enemies. Of course, he takes a beating. The fault in the story is that you, the audience, can't seem to care. Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse too, and she shows Walter where he made his mistake in life. Nat Pendleton garners a few laughs.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

THIS is the sort of routine program picture the big producers insist will soon be in limbo. The material is not really susceptible to criticism; one can only relate that a horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, those of a servant girl, who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent plays a bookie who doesn't seem to know what it's all about. There are a few wisecracks.

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

MELODRAMA in a circus is always fairly acceptable stuff, because you can expect to see some lions and a tight-rope artist or two anyway, even if there isn't much story. Lee Tracy plays Dugan, and Peggy Shannon is a lion tamer. Along comes Virginia Weidler, orphaned when her mother falls from a tightrope. Tracy's job is to keep La Shannon's lions from being attached and to keep Virginia out of an orphanage. He does.

WOLF CALL—Monogram

JACK LONDON wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on pa-



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Unsightly Hair



per. Of course, the production isn't very hot and you can't expect too much from these players but if you half shut your eyes you may find enough entertainment to make the hour worth while. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine; he wants to get perspective on life and love, and does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance.

THE JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD— 20th Century-Fox

RIGHT back where they started, the Jones bunch lands in Hollywood for this installment. When Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention, his entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, elects to come

along; and while he sweats in parades they poke around the studios. The gags are as funny as in any previous Jones opus and the simple, down-to-earth quality is not lost.

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

THIS is essentially the story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, and the travels of that bill. The excuse for the plot is given in the person of Melvyn Douglas, who is an editor and whose paper is about to go on the rocks. Melvyn finds out about the bill, traces it, and uses the exclusive news-beat he gets in the process to salvage the newspaper. Louise Platt helps him and there is a little love interest between the couple; Gene Lockhart, Douglas Dumbrille and Florence George

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

REMEMBER Orson Welles' Mars invasion—and what it did to the radio audience of America? Well, Republic has taken that gag and put it together with current interest in television, and out of the whole has made a film with novelty and entertainment in it. There is a tie-up with politics, so that you have some vision of what may happen if the immense propaganda power of television falls into the wrong hands. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton (romance) and George Barbier are the principals.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 58)

with a muddy smack and just sits there looking as if she would like very much to cry.

"I could make a remark," says George, meaningly.

"So could I," says Ty.

"If," replies Myrna, coolly, from her sitting position, "you mean Loy is slipping—you're both all wet—as anybody can see. The fact is—Loy has slipped!"

On the set of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," Linda Darnell, Katharine Aldridge, Amanda Duff and a host of very trim bit cuties make the big hotel lobby set a parade of pulchritude (sounds like a burlesque ad!).

Linda is a Cinderella girl; so is Kitty Aldridge. Linda had one crack at Hollywood, was sent home. She entered a drama school in Dallas, came back and stepped right into stardom. Aldridge is that girl you've been seeing everywhere in ads and on magazine covers. The most photographed model in New York, was she. She took a trip to Honolulu but couldn't get past Hollywood. Zanuck signed her and plunked her right in a big part.

The plot of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" (these titles get longer every month) is formula boy-and-girl-misunderstandings in New York with Jimmy Ellison the boy, Linda Darnell the girl. The novelty is in the setting—one of those hotels where only the fair sex can register. Elsa Maxwell tosses one of her famous parties right on the screen.

We watch the effervescent, slightly screwy Gregory Ratoff direct a scene.

"Wance more!" he cries. "And geeving eet to me holding dot kees, Leenda. Hokay, hection!" Linda kisses Jimmy Ellison until he staggers. "Te-e-e-er-rific!" shouts Ratoff, instead of "Cut." "Eet's a mild sansation!" He kisses everybody and dances around the set. Well—if that makes better pictures—we're for it. Only we'd rather not be kissed by Ratoff. We run over to M-G-M and Hedy Lamarr where, if there's any kissing to be done, we'll get a better break.

"LADY of the Tropics" was bound to come when M-G-M decided to glamorize Hedy Lamarr or bust. The tropics are swell stuff for languorous eyes and sinuous bodies. And what is more convincing proof of Hedy's seductive powers than for Robert Taylor to fall for her?

We must admit Hedy doesn't look too, too glamorous the day we see her—the first day, by the way, of her picture. She's bundled up in a gingham apron and a long dress that doesn't even hand

out an ankle-peep and she's bending over a hot cookstove. Bob Taylor stands on the side lines and regards her quizzically.

The plot of this very important Lamarr picture—and M-G-M is giving it the financial works—makes Hedy a half-caste of Saigon, Indo-China. Wandering Bob Taylor falls for her, marries her, then millionaire Joseph Schildkraut goes on the make. There's a lot of shooting in the end, but we hate to give away the sock finale—except to advise it's tragic.

Hedy seems to have everything under control this time. Her voice is low and controlled; she's as cool as a pickle. Director Jack Conway seems to be getting just what he wants from her. After the first scene, Hedy goes over to her dressing room and picks up a doll—a little six-inch doll of Hedy herself, dressed in a colorful Austrian peasant outfit. "My mother made it for me," Hedy informs us. "I bring it on the set for good luck."

It looks to us as if the charm is working. We hope so, anyway. That's what Hedy needs most of at this point—luck.

AROUND the M-G-M lot there are plenty of other titles for the studio's all-feminine carnival, "The Women." "Ninety Day Harem" is the most popular, as a sly dig at George Cukor. Outside of the crew, everything's on the distaff side. Even the horses and dogs that appear in the satiric Clare Booth play are females! One hundred and thirty-five women wander in and out of the cinema version. But nary one set of whiskers.

"The Women" hops from Manhattan to Reno and back again to tell its story of the women's angle on life, love, men and marriage. It teams with good acting parts—which may account for the temerity M-G-M had in casting Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell—three of their top stars—in the same picture. But even good parts aren't enough to keep rumors of rivalries from brewing.

It's a bridge luncheon at the country home of Mary (Norma Shearer) when we venture into this stronghold of femininity. Rosalind Russell (picked by the experts to steal the picture as Sylvia, the gossip) arrives and peels off her jacket to reveal the most startling get-up we've ever seen. It's metal cloth decorated with big glass eyes!

"Now, girls," says Cukor, dipping his hand into a big tray and popping things into his mouth, "let's get the scene." Shearer, Russell and a score of women take their places at bridge tables and

start to chatter away like sparrows.

"Where are the hors d'oeuvres? Get the hors d'oeuvres!" orders Cukor. "Well, where are they?"

A cautious property man speaks up. "You ate most of 'em, Mr. Cukor," he says.

Cukor looks a little ill and the whole set relaxes. They have to whip up some more before they can shoot.

"THE Kind Men Marry" with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis and Helen Vinson holds the set spotlight at RKO-Radio. This is sophisticated stuff, with Carole a mother for a change and Kay a home wrecker. As for Cary, he's caught between the devil and the deep blue eyes of la Lombard.

Carole has a day off getting the honeymoon house in shape for old man Gable when we look in. The rest are hanging around waiting for sets to be nailed together and the only excitement is a backgammon marathon between Kay and Cary. Kay's vigorously rolling the bones when we move on to Universal where, so we've been told, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer are settling down to "Modern Cinderella."

But we've been misinformed. No sets are going yet, so we skip across the Los Angeles river to Warner Brothers.

"Dust Be My Destiny" seems a very appropriate last-tag to our studio rounds. It's the new John Garfield picture from the novel by Jerry Odium, the "Each Dawn I Die" author. You might guess, Garfield has a peck of trouble with the law. In fact, the story has the same general fugitive idea as "They Made Me a Criminal."

Again John is on the "lam," blamed for a killing he didn't commit. Again he's tough, anti-social. Again, a girl loves him truly in spite of it all.

John is tousel-haired, dressed in a rumpled blue serge suit and a cheap shirt, on whose collar the yellow stains of grease paint show. His shoes, particularly, are a sight. They're old and cracked, unshined apparently for years, half-soled and about to fall apart. John catches us eyeing them and grins.

"Those are my lucky dogs," he tells us. "I've worn 'em in every picture I've ever made. Believe me, I'm not going to take 'em off until they fall off!"

"That won't be very long," we observe. But John just grins and squeaks off to his picture place happily. He is smaller in real life than he seems on the screen. He chews gum incessantly, and kids with the two Dead End kids who work in this picture, Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan. You can tell they think he's tops.

We watch John and Charlie Grapewin pull off a fast-talking courtroom scene, perfect on the first take. The whole set claps and whistles when that's announced. Why? Because, like all true artists, they bow to good performances? Well—sounds nice but we're quickly disillusioned. The reason the set cheers at the one-take scene is simply this:

It means work's over for the day and everybody can go home!

As for us, we head for Hollywood's Radio City for a check up on the stars-on-the-air situation.

TELEVISION in Hollywood is the talk of the town. Radio always thinks ahead, and though this is summer, fall is the question mark. Will the stars have another career-test to face, then—visible broadcasting?

Well—all the tops of the tall buildings in Hollywood are already optioned for stations. Don Lee, a Hollywood radio pioneer, is busy putting up a television transmitter on the top of a Hollywood mountain. NBC has Max Gordon out from New York, working on television production plans. Even Max Factor, the Hollywood make-up firm, has

launched, this very month, a special cosmetic to make dream girls out of television stars. The make-up: deep scarlet lips with a bluish overtone; light tan foundation, light blue powder for cheeks, red for the neckline. It's down to cases at last.

On the other hand, William Paley, the CBS head man, states television in Hollywood will follow Manhattan's lead only. Experimental work will go on fast and furiously, but as far as CBS is concerned, there'll be no air-pictures shown in the fall. So far Betty Jane Rhodes is still the premier Hollywood television queen.

Meanwhile, other rumblings along radio row besides television keep our ears employed. One is that Nelson Eddy is through with Chase and Sanborn for keeps. Nelson's absence during his concert tour made no difference in Chase and Sanborn's listener rating. He costs a lot of dollars and Donald Dickson, his pinch hitter, is good enough to stay.

George Murphy is taking a vacation from the Screen Guild Gulf Show, which may be permanent, too. The new deal calls for different star emcees each week, and Fannie Brice may have her own program before long.

How to Be Friends with Your Ex-Husbands

(Continued from page 13)

That's bad enough, but actors' lives are multiple. With Franchot and me, both acting, an unendurable strain came between us when he wanted to go East to the stage, and he felt that waiting for me to be able to clear up my movie contracts so that I could join him wasn't good enough. He wanted to be free so that he could go at once. Last fall he did so.

Now, what good would it have done me to hate him forever for that? If I could have convinced myself that Franchot would have been happy with Joan Crawford, housewife, I believe I would have given up my career and followed him. Second thought persuaded me, however, that since he had fallen in love with Joan Crawford, movie star, and married Joan Crawford, movie star, the quality in my personality that comes from my being "a career woman" was what he loved, or at least had loved. I truly felt that becoming simply "the little woman" to Franchot would not be enough to guarantee our happiness. Even now, I can see that "glamour girls" still work their spell on him, judging by the gay times he has in New York's night clubs. You don't find girls with their minds exclusively on cakes and pies in night clubs!

After months of trying to match the demands of our temperaments, of trying to patch up the difficulties between us, Franchot and I agreed to disagree, but, when he went to New York, he continued to wire me on holidays and birthdays and the like, and I continued to wire him. For I know of no individual I admire more than I admire Franchot, and that will continue to be true. Surely, if men and women can agree to disagree on some things, we can also agree not to disagree on others.

I WENT East for a short vacation in March and, on the night I arrived in New York, Franchot and I had a date together, just as either of us would have had with any other old friend. We dined together, because we like eating together, and we danced together, because we enjoy that enormously. No one was more amazed than I at the storm of criticism that we got for doing so, however. I don't mean to be naïve about it, but it still seems to me that

ours was a civilized attitude. We had many things to talk about; his play, my pictures, our futures. If that kind of adult, cordial interest is not better than a bitter, life-lasting feud, then war is better than peace and a battle-scarred ground is more beautiful than a country flower garden.

I'll admit that in this "civilized attitude" which I feel Doug, Franchot and I show, we are, to some extent, adapting ourselves to the needs of our profession. We three are all actors. We work in one business and the chances are strong that some time of each year we may all be in the same small town, perhaps in the same studio, perhaps in the same picture. We might even be in each others arms—always with the director and the crew looking on.

Even as actors, however, I consider we aren't so different from separated couples who live in small towns. It seems to me it's like going back to the Stone Age to expect one partner in a broken-up marriage to leave town, the town in which, perhaps, he or she has lived always and has every interest, in order to avoid social conflicts with the other. I repeat: Why can't we divorced people be friends?

I know in keeping hate from my heart, in making Douglas and Franchot into friends, I've found an enduring sweetness that will last me all my life. I am sure that if ever I am in deep trouble, I can go to either of them for help and get it. I believe if they are ever in trouble, they will come to me.

This is 1939. Human beings should have learned something through centuries of living. Certainly, if men and women can be platonic friends, they ought also to be capable of being, after divorce, platonic husbands and wives, let's say, people who are not in love but who have a basic companionship between them. It's really a pretty simple matter of adding and subtracting. The wife, the ex-wife, that is, takes out the hates and the grievances from the situation and adds tolerance and understanding big enough for two.

In this way, I believe, you can become friends with your ex-husbands. Of course, somebody may point out to me how wrong I am. But even at that, I don't believe it.



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Dollars to Donat

(Continued from page 61)

teacher. From the very beginning the old professional saw something in this lad that was different from all his other pupils. He begged the boy's mother to let him try to make an actor of him. As a matter of fact, Mother Donat had never intended him to go into an office.

So Robert, leaving school at fourteen, was allowed to pay for his elocution lessons by becoming his teacher's secretary. In the evenings, the two of them would go out together, giving recitals at church schools and local halls. And, gradually, the boy's keen mind soaked up all that the older man could teach. He was quite sure by now that he wanted to be an actor.

At sixteen, Donat made his first public stage appearance in a Shakespearean touring company in Birmingham, playing *Lucius* in "Julius Caesar." Two years later, he took to the stage in earnest. During one of his visits to Manchester, Sir Frank Benson, the great Shakespearean actor, saw the boy and liked him. He took him on as assistant stage manager on tour, playing small parts, at a salary of ten dollars a week. Robert's career had begun.

WHEN he was twenty-four, Robert married a girl with amazing corn-gold hair and straight grey eyes, called Ella Voysey. She played the piano and the violin, and came from a long family of musicians. I often think that marrying her was the best thing that Robert did in his life. She is very quiet, with a soft, pleasant voice and gentle ways. She looks like a Botticelli Spring, but she'll fight relentlessly for anything she believes in. She believes in Robert, and she has stood behind him and fought for him every inch of the way.

The Donats left the north soon after their marriage. After a year at the Cambridge Festival Theater, they decided to try their luck in London. They took a three room flat in Seven Dials, right amongst the street markets. It was grimy and noisy and "the bugs were awful," but they were happy. They had a wonderful view of a public house and of the floodlit Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. Both their elder children, Joanna and John, were born there.

Meanwhile, Robert's luck in the theater was up and down, never too good, never quite hopeless. His best break came with a run of Mary Webb's "Precious Bane." That was the time when he almost became a film star. Irving Thalberg, visiting London with his wife, saw the play and liked the look of the young English actor. The next thing was an offer from M-G-M for Robert to go to Hollywood to play in a film opposite Norma Shearer. Robert refused it, thinking he had a stage success on his hands. The next week "Precious Bane" folded. The film part was the one that later became Freddie March's in "Smilin' Through."

"MEN of Tomorrow," directed by Alexander Korda, was Donat's first picture. It was made partly at Elstree and partly at Oxford during the Long Vacation. Merle Oberon and Joan Gardner, demure in cap and gown, and making only their second appearance on any screen, played the parts of college girls. Donat played a young scientist, and I remember thinking that he was quite the most unlikely scientist I had ever seen.

Korda, however, must have seen some hint of the future *Dr. Manson* in the young scientist, for he persevered with Donat. He gave him leading parts in

two more films in the same year, "Cash" and "That Night in London." I don't imagine that "Cash," which was a poor film, influenced Donat's career in any direction. "That Night in London" was a poor film, too, but it emphatically did influence his career.

The director of "That Night in London" was an American, Rowland Lee. He liked Donat. A year later, when Lee was back in Hollywood, Eddie Small, of Reliance Pictures, asked him to see a picture run through in order to judge the performance of a certain unknown juvenile as a possibility for the part of the Count in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The picture was "The Private Life of Henry VIII"; the juvenile, Thomas Culpeper.

"I know that guy," said Lee, recognizing Donat.

"Is he good?" asked Small.

"Sure," said Lee.

SO Robert and Ella Donat sold their flat in Seven Dials, took the children north to Ella's people, and set sail for Hollywood and "The Count of Monte Cristo," the picture that was really to be the making of Donat as a screen star.

From that time onward M-G-M were assiduous in their attempts to sign up Robert Donat, but it was four years and three more pictures—"The 39 Steps," "The Ghost Goes West" and "Knight Without Armor"—before they got him.

The summer after "Knight Without Armor," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came over to produce in England. They hired space in Korda's studios at Denham.

Robert signed a six-picture contract, beginning with "The Citadel." M-G-M wanted him to play *Dr. Manson*. Croinin wanted him to play *Dr. Manson*. And when Robert had read the book, he also wanted, quite vehemently, to play *Dr. Manson*. It was the sort of part he had always dreamed of.

Meanwhile the Donats have bought an old, rambling house high up in the Chilterns, with pinewoods, and pastures, and a pony for the children.

It isn't listed in any phone book, and Robert has to leave home at six o'clock in the morning, if he is to reach the studios in time for his make-up call.

"The Citadel" hadn't yet reached the theater when Donat started work on "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," which currently is packing theaters from coast to coast.

From the first, the part of the James Hilton schoolmaster enchanted him. It was like nothing he had ever done before, and Robert found its challenge irresistible.

"Nearly all my screen parts," he says, "have been romantic—the 'Ghost,' 'The 39 Steps,' 'Monte Cristo'—and in 'Cristo,' too, the interest was more or less ready-made in the story. *Dr. Manson* in 'The Citadel' was a grand part, and something new—a chance to play entirely for character and not merely for sympathy—but still a romantic story.

"Chips," though, is quite different. *Chips* is a commonplace sort of person, never quite successful, and not in the least romantic. You have to build him up from scratch, and that's a real job."

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was in its last weeks of shooting, and Donat had reached the octogenarian fishskin and wrinkles stage of his make-up when the news came through that "The Citadel" had been voted the best film of the year by the New York critics.

It was suggested that when the awards were given in the Rainbow Room at Radio City, Donat, representing M-G-M, should receive the award

by air, and broadcast his big speech from "The Citadel" to America.

The NBC and the British Broadcasting Corporation, getting together, arranged a trans-Atlantic hookup for the night of the prize giving. Alfred Hitchcock, who had won the director's award for "The Lady Vanishes," was going to Broadcasting House in London to say his piece, and it was hoped that Donat would join him. They had reached a stage in "Mr. Chips," though, when Robert's schedule made it impossible to get up to London and back at midnight—which was the time of the broadcast. So, at the last moment, they arranged to do what is done in England only for the rarest of celebrities—to fix up Robert's study for the broadcast and let him speak to the world from his own home.

IT was a wild January evening when I went out to the house in the Chilterns for the Big Broadcast.

Ella Donat was in the music room, sitting by the log fire. She was in a long white house robe, her amazing hair piled high in Edwardian style, looking more like a Botticelli Spring than ever.

It was good to see her again after all these years. We started exactly where we left off. We talked about our gardens and our children.

Ella said that she can never make her children look like a film star's children. I said, no, praise be, and told her what happened when Joanna came to our children's party, some years ago.

All the grownups were admiring this decorative child of the great Robert Donat, with her mass of red-gold hair tied up with a pale green ribbon. Somebody mentioned the ribbon to Joanna, and she pulled at it gravely.

"Yes," she said, "Mummy bought it for me at the dime store yesterday."

Presently, Robert came in with the engineers from the broadcasting companies. He was as excited as a boy at the thought of speaking to America.

We had coffee and fried sausages on sticks, but Robert wouldn't eat anything. He was back and forward between the music room and the study where he was to broadcast, removing "vibrators." Out came a pewter plate, a couple of jugs, a dish piled high with fruit. They tied up the case of the grandfather clock with string, and left it, reproachfully ticking.

Then, as the deadline of midnight drew near, Robert spread the sofa cushions over the desk top, laid out sheets of handwritten manuscript across them. His intimate speech of thanks for the award to be said, sitting, at a table mike. His big speech from "The Citadel" to be acted at a standing mike. He knew every word of it by heart, but the script was there, in case of emergency.

Just before midnight, we switched on the radio. Perhaps we weren't too clever about it. Perhaps the eighty-five-mile-an-hour gale in the Atlantic was too much for us. Anyway, all we heard on the short waves were howls, and rumbles, crackles of static, and an unmistakably English voice singing "A Tisket, a Tasket."

At 12:15, giving it up as a bad job, we tiptoed into the hall outside the study. There, through the closed door, we heard Robert's voice speaking to America. Awkwardly poised between John's tricycle and Brian's Teddy bear, we stood and listened, as the boy, who used to lie awake and recite poetry to keep the Things in the Dark from getting him, broadcast his message three thousand miles across the sea.

Night Life of the Hollywood Gods

(Continued from page 19)

"Let's go somewhere else" is the battle cry of Hollywood. I often suspect that even the innumerable service stations in the Greater Los Angeles owe their existence not to the law of supply and demand—no city on earth could possibly require that many service stations—but to that overwhelming urge to go somewhere else. I can almost hear Joan Crawford saying to her chauffeur—"Never mind that old place . . . let's buy gas in that new place across the street."

I said that there are at this moment three really popular night clubs in Hollywood. One of them must have been built by the same fellow who designed the Grand Central Station in New York. It's just as big and has still more levels. Earl Carroll runs it—at least he hopes he does. No one can actually run a place of that size. Some people say its seating capacity is over two thousand, others claim that it is roomy enough to accommodate all the writers who worked on the final script of "Gone with the Wind." It is not overpopular with the motion-picture colony because its customers are so intent on eating every bit of their four-dollar dinner that few, if any, stars would be able to compete with the appeal exercised by Mr. Carroll's sirloin steaks. Even the Academy Award Winners would run the risk of not being noticed and not being asked for an autograph.

ALL interviews, articles and dark glasses to the contrary notwithstanding, there is only one thing that no star can stomach. That is the business of *not* being noticed and *not* being asked for an autograph. That is why Marcel's on Sunset Boulevard is at this moment the night place as far as we stars are concerned. I say "we stars" because, although I have yet to finish my first picture, my kind boss Mr. Zanuck has already included my name in the announcement of his Big Stars of 1939. I am big enough, to be sure. About the biggest woman there is in Hollywood.

But to return to Marcel's—the place is not large. It is only a shade larger than one of Mr. Carroll's telephone booths. The show is good, but it consists of a few numbers only and it does not detract the guests' attention from appraising one another's dresses and diamond bracelets. The orchestra is excellent but not too noisy to interfere with one's eavesdropping on the conversation at the next table. Every night of the week Marcel's is packed with stars, would-be-stars, former stars and all other men and women who make \$100,000 per year for at least two weeks each year. Chaplin goes there. So does Bette Davis. So does Miriam Hopkins. So does David Niven. And so does . . . but why waste space? Everybody with the exception of Shirley Temple, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable goes there. Shirley does not go there for an obvious reason, Carole and Clark because they can enjoy each other's company without the benefit of a swing band.

I suppose George Lamaze's combination of a restaurant and a night club is the third most popular night place in Hollywood. But then, the Trocadero has just reopened and, by the time you read this article, it may be "in the money." Let me assure you, racing is almost a science when compared with the uncertainties of the night-club business in Hollywood. Why? Because in the first place, as I said before, "that's the motion-picture business for you,"

and in the second place, the really good parties are being given at home, not in night clubs.

Who are good party-givers in Hollywood? I must confess that it would be easier and more fun to mention those who are not, but . . . I have made enough enemies for myself in my first fifty-six years in this world, and besides I do not believe the editors of this magazine would approve of my giving a list of bad party-givers in Hollywood. So let's stick to the good ones.

There are plenty of them, I assure you. Constance and Joan Bennett know all there is to be known about the art of party-giving. So does Kay Francis. So do the Gary Coopers. And so does Frances Goldwyn, who prefers to let her husband Sam take all the glory but who can, without any assistance from him, give any kind of party from a formal ball to a picnic. The Arthur Hornblows (Mr. Hornblow and Miss Myrna Loy to you) are, of course, famous for their Sunday afternoons and are holders of the copyright on the best chicken sandwiches and cakes this side of heaven. The Basil Rathbones think nothing of giving a dance for eight hundred people and, what is more important still, actually enjoy it. Louella Parsons is the greatest barbecue-thrasher in California.

Charles Chaplin specializes in what I call "educational evenings." Quality interests him more than quantity and while you won't meet more than eight or ten people in his house, you stand a chance of sitting next to Albert Einstein or Thomas Mann. The Douglas Fairbankses, Sr., the recognized leaders of Hollywood society, go for a Continental touch. The Darryl Zanucks give the most elaborate dinners west of the Hudson River. The Jack Warners utilize to the fullest extent the magnificence and splendor of their house, a house that would make many a Fifth Avenue mansion look like a log cabin. Naturally enough, when it comes to spectacular parties it would be rather difficult for anyone to outdo the Jack Warners. Constance Collier, on the other hand, manages to make you forget that hers is a modest bungalow. All you notice and remember is the charm and the true greatness of your hostess, one of the best actresses that ever appeared on any stage.

UNLIKE the Fifth Avenue hosts and hostesses, the stars and the producers are willing to spend money. And the willingness to spend, to entertain beyond one's means, is a veritable "must" when it comes to party-giving.

When I go out in New York, nine times out of ten I have to listen to a grade-C orchestra, drink a nonvintage champagne and eat the most unappetizing food. But when I got out in Hollywood, I feel certain that my host is going to do the very best by his guests. Not because the Hollywood party-givers have more money. Far from it. The members of the Social Register are not nearly as poor as they are supposed to be and they know much more about the loopholes in the income tax law than the Hollywood people do. But it is smart to be miserly in New York, while it is smart to be hospitable in Hollywood.

That is why the mortality among the night clubs in Hollywood is so appallingly high. The night clubs prosper and become landmarks only in the cities whose inhabitants are both too bored

and too stingy to entertain at home. Paris has acquired its reputation not because the French are so gay or their night clubs so marvelous, but because, being a very thrifty nation, the French have long since discovered that it costs less, at least three times less, to entertain "out" than "in."

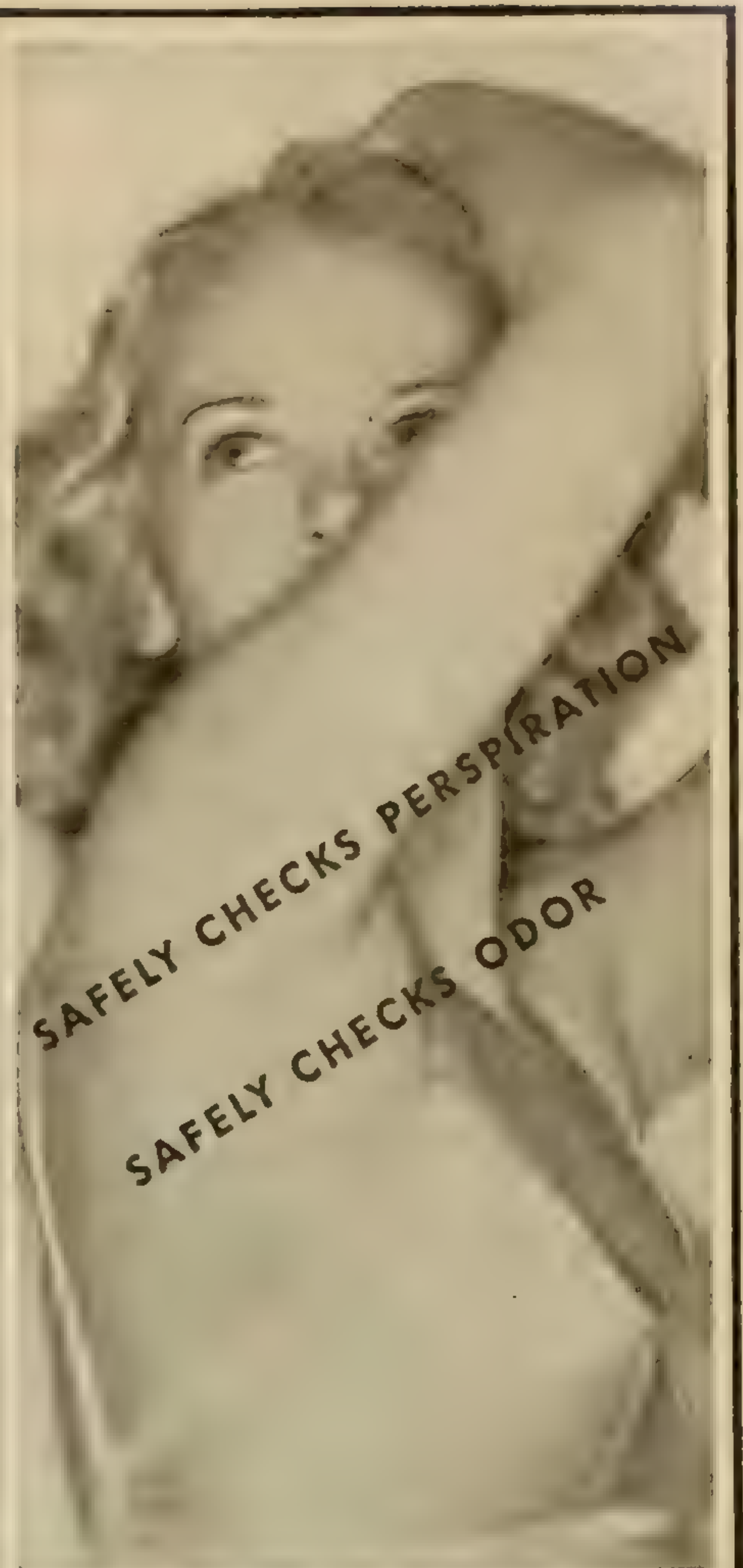
Aside from the excellent quality of music, food and liquor, what strikes me most about the Hollywood parties is the dearth of extra men. One would have thought of all places on earth the movie capital would be the one to be jammed with eligible escorts, but exactly the opposite is true. Not only is it extremely difficult to scare up enough unattached men in Hollywood but the majority—at least seventy-five per cent—of those available have nothing whatsoever to do with the movie industry.

Why is that? Will Hays may possess the solution of this mystery. I do not. I suspect that the fact of so many local people being married so many times does make it rather difficult for a hostess to decide whom to invite and whom not to invite, whose decree has become final and whose is still in its interlocutory stage, who parted in a rage and who remained "good friends."

I SUSPECT, too, that in a community as constantly spied upon as Hollywood the party-givers are bound to suffer from a scandal-complex, a malady which has long since been conquered and exterminated in New York. When a polo player socks another polo player in a Fifth Avenue house, nobody, not even Winchell, evidences the slightest interest. But when an actor socks a polo player in Beverly Hills, even the austere Associated Press clears all wires and gives the right of way to a round-by-round description of that encounter.

When a debutante, a young matron or a dowager shows up cockeyed at a Park Avenue dance, the hostess merely giggles and makes sure that all her guests have noticed that the poor wench had to be carried out by a couple of footmen. But when a motion-picture star looks as if any moment now she might decide to park herself on the dance floor, or begin reciting the latest dirty limerick, our Hollywood hostess goes pale and wrings her hands. She must do something at once she cries, or both she and her drunken girl-friend will hear from the respective bosses and Mr. Hays not later than the following morning . . . Unfortunately for her, there is very little that she can do. Some experts claim that a strong dose of sleeping powder should be served at once to the souse-in-question, but I have it on very good authority that that honorable device turns out to be a boomerang on a great many occasions.

They tell a story about a Hollywood hostess who, having failed in her attempts to persuade her drunken guest to "drink just a bit of water," left the glass on the table and went to call up a doctor. When she returned she discovered two prostrate bodies on the floor. That of her girl-friend who would not be cajoled into drinking "water," and that of a late arrival, a well-known actor, who felt thirsty and grabbed the first glass he saw. The former had to be carried out, the latter slept soundly until the following morning. Both were peeved no end and promised to get even with their hostess. Sad? No doubt. But "that's the motion-picture business for you."



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Lackadaisical Lothario

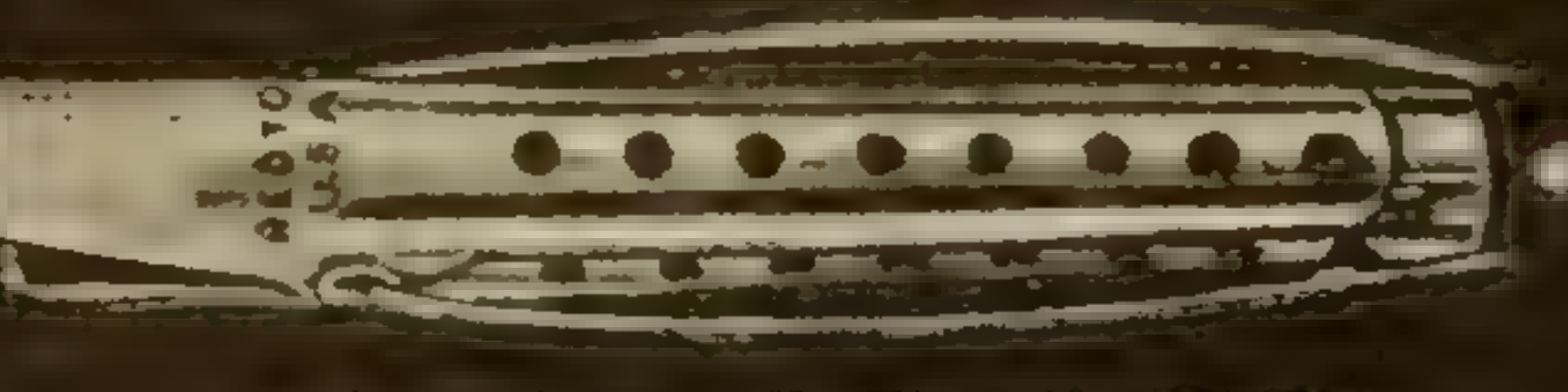
(Continued from page 64)

ROCHELLE HUDSON, Columbia Pictures Player
Featured in "MISSING DAUGHTERS"



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During his last two summer vacations from Mercersburg, Jim alternated between shows with Bill Neff and the rougher job of laying concrete with a road gang on the highway, and in the summer following his graduation, trundled bricks on the building of the new First National Bank.

One hot August afternoon, when Jim felt that another hodful of bricks would break his back, his father came down the street, waving a long, white envelope. It was from the Dean of Freshmen at Princeton and contained the exciting announcement that Jim had been accepted for admission in the fall.

That night Jim telephoned Steve Brown, a classmate at Mercersburg with whom he planned to room at Princeton. Steve, who lived in near-by Brookville, had also just received word of his acceptance.

JIM loved Princeton from that first fall day he and Steve carried their suitcases up University Place, past the groups of bareheaded, flannel-trousered upperclassmen milling on the campus.

He was prepared for all the rich tradition of Princeton from the stories his father, a graduate of the gay nineties, had told him, and took a secret pride in his "dink," the little black cap that is the badge of a freshman, for it marked him as a Princeton man.

Freshman year slipped by in a kaleidoscopic reel of colorful crowds at the big football games, long winter nights of "bull sessions," with newly-formed friendships cemented over beacon buns at the Baltimore Dairy Lunch, and frequent trips to the movies.

The movies at Princeton are an institution in themselves. In Jim's time there were two, the Garden and the Arcade, both unpretentious houses that depended upon undergraduate gaiety as much as the film for entertainment.

Princeton audiences were never content to merely observe the amorous activities of screen lovers. They entered into the scenes as directors with exaggerated moans of, "Kiss her, you great big handsome thing!" or "No, no, not that way. More passion!" And should a particular scene capture the fancy of this critical group, the unhappy projectionist would be ordered to stop the film, rewind and run the scene through again, or even hold the picture as a still on the screen.

Jim's favorites among the film stars he viewed as an impressionable undergraduate were two of the group of glamour girls he would be squiring to Hollywood parties not many years later, Norma Shearer and Ginger Rogers.

Too frail for college football, Jim confined his athletic assays to track, and made the freshman squad. He also made the glee club and accompanied the combined musical clubs on a spring trip through the South.

BUT it was the Triangle Club toward which Jim was pointing his chief aspirations. The Princeton Triangle Club is the oldest undergraduate dramatic organization in the country, with half a century of tradition behind it. Membership in the Triangle Club is one of the most sought-after honors on the campus, for the annual trip during Christmas vacation to a dozen or more cities through the South and Middle West is the most festive jaunt undertaken by any college aggregation.

Though it is nominally a dramatic society, the Triangle Club for years has presented a musical comedy as its an-

nual offering, with the book and score written by undergraduates, and hairy-legged football and crew heroes joining their more Terpsichorean-talented colleagues as chorus girls.

Jim was determined to make Triangle and hoped that his accordion would prove an acceptable card of entry at the fall competitions in his sophomore year.

His sister "Doddie" reports that, throughout the summer of his freshman year, Jim practiced over and over one song, "So Beats My Heart For You," as the tune he would offer at the tryout.

Dr. Donald Clive Stuart, the tall, amiable director of the Triangle Club for many years, gives the next chapter in the story of that all-important competition.

"I don't think Jim ever knew how near he came to not making the Triangle Club," related Dr. Stuart. "For several years there had been an accordion specialty in almost every show and I had made up my mind that the 1929-30 production, 'The Golden Dog,' would be one show in which the accordion would be conspicuous by its absence.

"But at the tryout Jim performed so brilliantly that even my antipathy to using another accordion number was weakened.

"At the final rehearsals, I watched Jim do his specialty with some misgivings. He bent over his accordion with intense seriousness, his lower lip hanging out like a balcony. It was too grotesque!

"Finally, it was decided that Jim should wear a mask and throughout the whole trip, Jim did his number wearing a devil mask as part of his costume."

"The next year," continued Dr. Stuart, "at the tryouts for cast rôles, Jim astonished us with his singing voice. He hadn't sung the year before, hadn't even mentioned he could sing. He had easily the best voice of anyone in the tryout. Moreover, he showed a marvelous sense of comedy."

The tryout resulted in Jim being given the lead in "The Tiger Smiles," a satirical fantasy on Princeton life, with one act laid in 1890 and the second in 1990.

The Christmas trip of the Triangle Club is like a traveling Mardi Gras. The one-night stands are a signal for a round of parties in the social set of each of the large cities touched on the tour. Teas, cocktail parties, luncheons, dinners and supper dances merge with the hectic performances into an exaggerated nightmare of grease paint and flowers and dinner clothes.

To Jim, the bolted meals, the irregular and interrupted sleep, were bad enough, but what he missed most was the relaxation and refreshment of a bath, a long, lazy loll in a warm tub.

And then, at St. Louis, came the answer to his unspoken prayer. Immediately upon arrival, the college troupers had been swept off to luncheon as guests of the alumni association and then, in the late afternoon, divided into half-a-dozen groups and detailed off to as many different cocktail parties, given for the current batch of debutantes.

Jim and about twenty others arrived at four o'clock at the palatial home of a Missouri matron who was giving the largest of that afternoon's parties. An upstairs bedroom had been turned into a cloakroom for the boys and, as Jim divested himself of his coat, he saw through the doorway the sort of bathroom that plumbing manufacturers exhibit on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, all done in gleaming black marble with

a tub as big as a bed and as inviting.

Jim could hardly turn his eyes away from that tub as one of the other Triangle thespians, the last to leave the cloakroom and start downstairs to join the party, tugged at his elbow.

Exactly two cocktails, four sandwiches and three dances later, Jim made a hasty excuse to his partner and quietly made his way upstairs.

There were differences of opinion at the end of that trip as to which city had greeted the Triangle Club most effusively; the seven encores in Louisville; the thirty-piece orchestra that had played for the after-the-show dance in Chicago; the dinner dance in Baltimore; the New Year's Eve party in Cincinnati.

But to Bruce Pelham, alias James Maitland Stewart, the ingratiating hero of "The Tiger Smiles," St. Louis was indelibly etched in his memory as having given him the warmest and most welcome reception!

JIM'S accordion which had won him entry into the Triangle Club and which was fast making him the most popular member of the Charter (one of the undergraduate eating clubs which take the place of fraternities at Princeton), led him into the unexpected rôle of peace-maker at a near-riot in his junior year. George Brown, no relative of Steve's, who was one of Jim's roommates his last two years and is now a broker in Philadelphia, tells of the incident.

"In our junior year we roomed in Foulke Hall, one of the newer dormitories at one end of the campus," recounted Brown. "Our room formed part of a little court which soon became a veritable battleground of music as there was a saxophone player and a virtuoso of the bagpipes in addition to Jim and his accordion, all pouring melody into the concrete well of the buildings.

"One spring night, when most of the occupants of the rooms on the court were diligently cramming for examinations, the owner of the bagpipes let loose with the most mournful lament I have ever heard. Immediately there was a chorus of shouts from the other rooms, ordering the plaintive piper to desist. The bagpipes only wailed the louder.

"Down into the courtyard streamed a dozen or more students, all yelling at the sorrowful soloist. Men from other dormitories, attracted by the noise, joined the throng, and soon there was a great crowd gathered in front of Foulke.

"For no reason at all, someone started a bonfire in the court, and then another, and soon the mob had taken on the spirit of a riot. Proctors were powerless, and it looked as if there would soon be a surge toward Nassau Street and the usual wreckage that accompanies a student riot.

"Jim and I had remained in our room all through the disturbance, and now Jim grabbed up his accordion and moved to the window. Scrambling over the ledge, Jim let his feet drape out the window and sat there and started to play. Pretty soon the mob began to quiet down and listen.

"Jim passed lightly from one jazz tune to another, squeezing syncopation out of that music box that would have halted anyone. In a little while, the crowd had completely lost its rebellious tone and the only noise was the rhythmic tap of feet or a tenor suddenly cutting out in harmony with Jim's accordion. Then Jim began to sing and, from a mob bent on disturbance, that riot was turned into a songfest that lasted late into the night.

"Jim didn't get his studying done that night, but he saved a lot of windows in the shops along Nassau Street and probably a few of the mob leaders from discipline from the Dean's office."

IT was in the spring of their junior year that Jim and Steve Brown joined the group of their classmates trying out for the six posts as cheerleaders for the coming year. All through the baseball season, Jim's lanky arms beat the air like a windmill in an energetic entreaty to the apathetic bleachers to give "just one more locomotive for the team."

At the end of the competition, Jim and Steve were both selected and Jim was named head cheerleader. Their duties would begin in the fall with the football season, and Jim's Scotch senses were tickled as he realized that this meant he would be admitted to all athletic contests without admission and have his expenses paid to out-of-town games.

It was in the spring of junior year, too, that Jim and Steve found a great mutual interest in flying. Every spare dollar was saved for trips at a gypsy airport near Princeton. The boys discussed the possibility of entering the naval flying school at Pensacola, Florida, after graduation from Princeton. Incidentally, Steve Brown's interest in aviation remained active and he is today an executive with one of the airlines in New York.

George Brown attributes to Jim's passion for flying, his seldom-played rôle as host to girls while he was in college. Jim was on a modest allowance and, between being up in the air in a plane or up in the air over a prom trotter, Jim's money was on the machine every time. He was fed up, too, with the fluffy-headed prom trotter whose only thought was how many invitations she could wangle from a man. What he admired in a girl was her having some interest, art classes or music or even the stage.

Jim was soon to meet just the sort of girl he had been envisioning and one who was to be the model by which all the girls he met in the future were measured.

Joshua Logan, Triangle president, who had been one of the founders of the University Players, a group of young collegians playing summer stock at Falmouth, Massachusetts, invited one of the girls in the company, Margaret Sullivan, to be the guest star of a production of the "Theatre Intime," Princeton's Little Theater organization.

It was, of course, before Margaret Sullivan had touched fame in "Dinner at Eight," and then gone on to film triumphs in Hollywood. But, already there was about her the aura of glamour of

a Broadway actress. Jim, when he was introduced to her, was enchanted. Here was a girl who was really doing something, vital, alert. She was his guest at Charter on two successive evenings, and a warm friendship was begun which was to be a pleasant bond a few years later in Hollywood when they played opposite each other in "Next Time We Love" and "The Shopworn Angel."

Senior year Jim again had the lead in the Triangle show, "Spanish Blades," an imaginative potpourri of plot and music in which *Don Juan*, *Don Quixote* and *Carmen* comprised an unconventional cast.

Another gay holiday tour, and then all too quickly the seniors were beginning to wear their white beer suits and gather on the steps of Nassau Hall for the spring custom of senior singing, in which Princetonians give voice to a sort of mob nostalgia over the passing of four happy years.

"Where, oh where are the gay young freshmen?"

Where, oh where are the gay young freshmen?"

Six hundred voices caress the melody of time-treasured songs, taunt the faculty with personal jibes in rhyme, toast ties about to be severed.

"Where, oh where are the grave old seniors?"

Where, oh where are the grave old seniors?"

They've gone out in the cold, cold world!"

It was a cold, cold world college graduates faced in 1932, with the depression at its lowest ebb. Jim, like the rest, had his problem. Where now?

BY the end of his sophomore year, Jim had begun to look beyond the pleasant boundaries of the campus and think about what he wanted to do when he was graduated. His father, he knew, rather hoped he would return to Indiana and take his place in the hardware store which had been handed down through three generations of Stewarts. But Jim's eyes were on farther vistas.

His natural talent for drawing, his success in a course in draftsmanship and the vivid memories of his intense interest in the various stages of the building of a beautiful new chapel at Mercersburg while he was a student there, led Jim to elect architecture as his major course for his last two years at Princeton. By the end of his last year, Jim had so impressed his instructors that he was offered the D'Amato scholarship in architecture if he would return to the Graduate College and work for his master's degree. But, though the scholarship would pay his tuition,

Jim felt he could not fairly continue as a financial drain on his father, hard hit by the depression and a disastrous fire which had wiped out the hardware store in 1930. "Doddie" and "Ginny," his sisters, were coming along to the college age now and it was their turn to enjoy what funds the family could afford for education.

Jim was still pondering over his immediate future, the last week before graduation, when a wire came from Josh Logan, who had returned to Cape Cod for another summer of stock with the University Players. Would Jim consider coming to Falmouth and playing his accordion in the little night club run in connection with the theater, and perhaps take a minor rôle or two in the summer productions?

Jim came to his decision the last night before graduation as the white-suited seniors took over the front campus for a final beer party. Gay Japanese lanterns gleamed in the darkness. Cigarettes flickered like fireflies and the old songs rose on the quiet June evening air as the class of 1932 held its last senior sing.

Steve and Jim, sitting a little apart from the rest, said their good-bys to Nassau Hall together. "It's been a great four years, Jim," said Steve, his voice choked with sentiment.

"Yes, we've got something they can never take away from us," answered Jim. "I wish I could come back to grad college. But I guess that's out. Anyway, I'm going to have some fun this summer before I start selling nails."

"Then you're going to Falmouth?"

"Yes. Come on, I'll go over and send a wire to Josh now."

Late the next afternoon, after six hundred black-gowned boys had filed up to the orange and black draped platform and grasped a sheepskin, after the fuss and flurry of family congratulations were over, Steve drove Jim to Princeton Junction to catch a train for the north.

In one hand, Jim carried his suitcase. Under the other arm was his accordion, talisman of so many of his triumphs. Jim patted its case as he waved good-bye to Steve from the steps of the train.

"It's been good to me so far, maybe the box will bring me luck this summer."

"So long, actor," called Steve prophetically. "See you on Broadway!"

How Jim's decision to spend one last carefree summer before butting the business world led him into a totally unexpected career in the theater is told in the concluding chapter of "Lackadaisical Lothario," in PHOTOPLAY Next Month.

Portrait of a Man Who Goes Places

(Continued from page 39)

Errol Flynn is easily deceived by women and not so easily by men. He never wears jewelry and likes Turkish baths. He calls his wife Damita.

He thinks Malay Street, Singapore, the most interesting street in the world.

His wit is quick and incisive, and he enjoys food with the zest of a growing boy. He is not interested in the architectural aspects of a house so long as it is low and warmly informal.

He is tolerant of human failings.

He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations.

He has a bad memory for names.

He thinks the most exciting places he has ever been to were Shanghai and Abyssinia before they were taken over by the invaders.

He dislikes entertaining large groups of people, and he never uses a cigarette holder.

He does not like to wear evening clothes, and his spelling is sadly lacking.

He sees no reason why two professionals should not achieve happiness in marriage. His eyes are hazel, and he is very fond of caviar.

He has slept on park benches, washed dishes in cheap restaurants.

His father was a professor of biology, and he abhors wearing neckties. He has gone to school in Australia, England, France and Ireland.

He breaks into print periodically because his quick temper leads him into some fistic encounter.

He was born in 1909, and he is very

forgetful.

He owns six dogs.

He is very impulsive, and he prefers symphonic music on the radio.

He has a fervent hope that eventually some form of socialistic democracy will prevail throughout the world. He does not dance the tango or rumba.

He has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he admires Walt Whitman above all other American authors.

He enjoys being alone.

He is not punctual.

He is happy anywhere.

ERROL FLYNN, at nineteen, was skipper of a two-masted schooner engaged in fishing, pearl diving and freighting. He never reads the comic sheets.

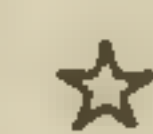
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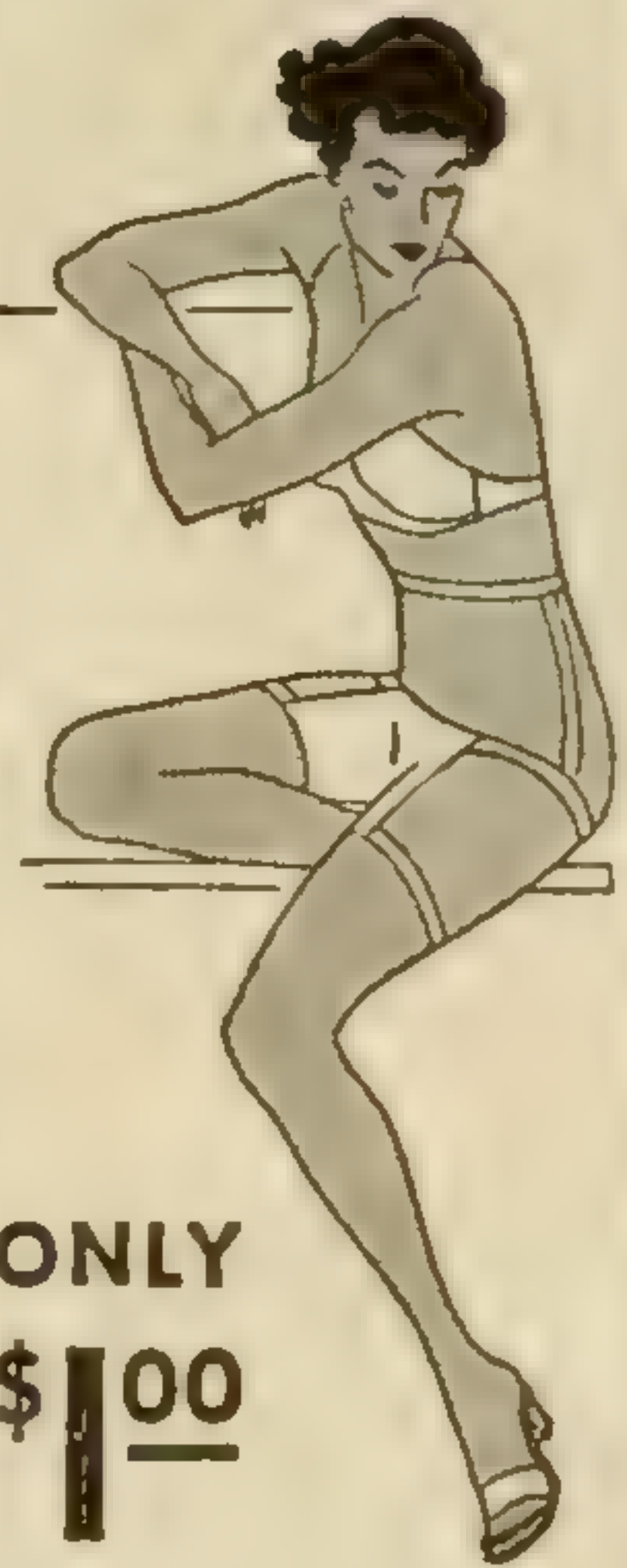
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He is not superstitious.

He studies dialogue with ease, and thinks that in the long run American culture will profit from our wholesale college system.

He likes California's perpetual sunshine, quiet evenings at home, and he travels by air whenever he can.

He speaks French and two New Guinea dialects. He thinks women, generally speaking, are not as happy today as they were before their so-called suffrage.

He is definitely of the opinion that the important people of Hollywood are not happy.

He has never worn glasses.

He is bored by gambling in any form.

He is not allergic to any kind of food or beverage.

He has a surprising lack of self-confidence hidden beneath his devil-may-care attitude.

The star of "Dodge City" never goes to any of his own previews, and he never plays indoor games.

He had stage fright on every opening night when he was on the stage. He has never had a clipping service.

He wishes the tempo of life in Hollywood were slower.

He likes putting around machinery though he knows nothing about it. He thinks early environment has the greatest influence on one's good taste.

Errol Flynn is a good conversation-alist, and he does not take advice easily.

He wishes his wife wouldn't keep him waiting in foyers.

He believes emphatically that motion

pictures should essay more so-called controversial and significant subjects.

He admires Franklin D. Roosevelt more than any other contemporary figure. He never wears a wrist watch, and he never drinks cocktails.

His 60-foot yacht, the *Sirocco*, is his one passion and luxury. He was a member of the British boxing team at the 1928 Olympic Games.

His favorite wine is Château Lafite-Rothschild. He has read James Joyce's "Ulysses" and confesses he does not understand it.

Errol Flynn is a very bad cook, but this did not deter him, at the age of eighteen, from shipping as a second cook on a dirty, three-masted schooner.

He likes his work because of the long periods of leisure between pictures.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BOY FRIEND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Barry Trivers. Original story by Lester Ziffren and Louis Moore. Directed by James Tinling. Cast: Sally Murphy, Jane Withers; Sue Duffy, Arleen Whelan; Jimmy Murphy, Richard Bond; Ed Boyd, Douglas Fowley; Greenberg, Warren Hymer; Billy Bradley, George Ernest; Tommy Bradley, Robert Kellard; Captain Duffy, Minor Watson; Cracker, Robert Shaw; Calahan, Ted Pearson; Arizona, William H. Connelman, Jr.; Mrs. Murphy, Myra Marsh; "Maichie" Riggs, Harold Goodwin.

"CAREER"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo and Bert Granet. Based on a play by Phil Stong and Chester Erskine. From a novel of the same name by Phil Stong. Directed by Leigh Jason. Cast: Stephen Cruthers, Edward Ellis; Sylvia Bartholomew, Anne Shirley; Ray Cruthers, John Archer; Clem Bartholomew, Samuel S. Hinds; Meria Krauss, Alice Eden; Mel Bartholomew, Maurice Murphy; Amy Cruthers, Janet Beecher; Ben Burnett, Harrison Greene; Mudcat Krauss, Leon Errol; Deacon Biggner, Raymond Hatton; Rex Cheney, Charles Drake; Jeff Trotter, John Qualen; Henry, Tommy Bond; Cap, Frank Darien; Policeman, Lew Kelly.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland, Albert Ray and Robert E. Kent. Based on the original story "Death Makes a Deceit" by Philip Wylie. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler; Dr. Ainsley, Ricardo Cortez; Vivian Wells, Phyllis Brooks; Sheriff Fletcher, Slim Summerville; Curtis Whitman, Kane Richmond; James Chan, Sen Yung; Mary Whitman, Pauline Moore; Cab Driver, Eddie Collins; Mrs. Russell, Kay Linaker; Jeanne Bentley, Louise Henry; Wally Burke, Robert Lowery; Chief of Police King, Charles D. Brown; Choy Wong, Iris Wong; George Bentley, Morgan Conway; Night Clerk, Hamilton MacFadden.

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Julius Epstein and Phillip Epstein. From the play, "Fly Away Home," by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Gabriel Lopez, John Garfield; Buff Masters, Priscilla Lane; Nan Masters, Fay Bainter; Jim Masters, Claude Rains; Cora Masters, Gale Page; Tinka Masters, Rosemary Lane; Linda Masters, Lola Lane; Johnny Heming, Jeffrey Lynn; Eddie Moore, Dick Foran; George, Frank McHugh; Penny, May Robson; Manuel Lopez, George Humbert; Sam Sloane, Donald Crisp; Judge Hornsby, Berton Churchill.

"EXILE EXPRESS"—UNITED PLAYERS-GRAND NATIONAL.—Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer and Ethel La Blanche. Directed by Otis Garrett. Cast: Nadine Nikolas, Anna Sten; Steve Reynolds, Alan Marshal; Paul Brandt, Jerome Cowan; Hanley, Jed Prouty; Gus, Walter Catlett; Tony Kassin, Stanley Fields; David, Leonid Kinsky; Victor, Irving Pichel; Dr. Hite, Harry Davenport; Purnell, Addison Richards; Kaishewsky, Feodor Chaliapin; Justice, Spencer Charters; Serge, Byron Foulger; Caretaker, Etienne Girardot; Mullins, Don Brodie; Constable, Henry Roquemore; Mrs. Smith, Maude Eburne; Deputy, Vince Barnett; Judge, Charles Richman.

"FIXER DUGAN"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Charlie Dugan, Lee Tracy; Angie Modeno, Peggy Shannon; Terry O'Connell, Virginia Weidler; Patsy O'Connell, Rita La Roy; Smiley, William Edmunds; A. J. Barvin, Bradley Page; Darlow, Jack Arnold; Jake, Ed Gargan; Mrs. Fletcher, Edythe Elliott; Jane, Irene Franklin; Steve, John Dillon; Pinky, Murray Alper; Mike, Harry Tyler; Barnholtz, Harry Holman; Sheriff Anderson, Bob Burns; Thaddeus Brown, Gus Glassmire; Justice Carroll, Edmund Elton; 1st Sheriff, Lew Kelly; Hula Dancer, Princess Wyhne-mah; Hammer Barker, Lee Phelps; Hula Barker, Milton Kibbee; Miracle Barker, Earle Hodgins; Meek Man, Neal Burns; Irritated Customer, Frank Hammond.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson and Arthur Horman. From an original story by Julian Blaustein, Daniel Taradash and Bernard Fein. Directed by Al Rogell. Cast: Ted Frazier, Robert Kent; Susan Bannister, June Lang; Sleeper, Edward Brophy; J. C. Poindexter, Etienne Girardot; Foster, Richard Lane; Bubbles, Edward Gargan; Dead Eyes, Horace MacMahon.

"GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser and Joseph A. Fields. Story by Lionel Houser. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: Carmelita, Lupe Velez; Dennis, Donald Woods; Uncle Matt, Leon Errol; Elizabeth, Linda Hayes; Renner, Donald MacBride; Romano, Edward Raquello; Aunt Della, Elizabeth Risdon; Mexican Pete, Ward Bond.

"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by R. C. Sherriiff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz. From the book by James Hilton. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: Mr. Chips, Robert Donat; Katherine, Greer Garson; John Colley, Peter Colley I, II, and III, Terry Kilburn; Peter Colley (as a young man), John Mills; Staefel, Paul Von Harnried; Flora, Judith Furse; Wetherby, Lyn Harding; Chatteris, Milton Rosmer; Marsham, Frederick Lester; Mrs. Wickell, Louise Hampton; Ralston, Austin Trevor; Jackson, David Tree; Colonel Morgan, Edmond Breon; Helen Colley, Jill Furse; Sir John Colley, Scott Sunderland.

"GORILLA, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Rian James and Sid Silvers. Based on the play by Ralph Spence. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: Garrity, Jimmy Ritz; Harrigan, Harry Ritz; Mulligan, Al Ritz; Norma Denby, Anita Louise; Kitty, Patsy Kelly; Walter Stevens, Lionel Atwill; Peters, Bela Lugosi; Stranger, Joseph Calleja; Jack Marsden, Edward Norris; Seaman, Wally Vernon; Conway, Paul Harvey; The Gorilla, Art Miles.

"JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harold Tarshis. From the original story by Joseph Hoffman and Buster Keaton. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Cast: John Jones, Jed Prouty; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Jack Jones, Ken Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Danny Reagan, William Tracy; Alice Morley, June Gale; Tommy McGuire, Marvin Stephens; Director Townsend, Hamilton MacFadden; Charlie, Matt McHugh.

"KID FROM KOKOMO, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. From an original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: Billy Murphy, Pat O'Brien; Homer Baston, Wayne Morris; Doris Harvey, Joan Blondell; Maggie Martin, May Robson; Marian Bronson, Jane Wyman; Muscles, Stanley Fields; Curley Bender, Maxie Rosenbloom; Judge Bronson, Sidney Toler; Eddie Black, Ed Brophy; Mrs. Bronson, Winifred Harris; Louie, Morgan Conway; Sam, John Ridgely; Klewicki, Ward Bond; First Old Man, Paul Hurst.

"MAISIE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. From a book by Wilson Collison. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: "Slim" Martin, Robert Young; Maisie Ravier, Ann Southern; Sybil Ames, Ruth Hussey; Clifford Ames, Ian Hunter; "Shorty," Cliff Edwards; Richard Raymond, Anthony Allan; "Red," Art Mix; Rico, George Tobias; Roger Bannerman, Richard Carle; Prosecuting Attorney, Minor Watson; Deputy Sheriff, Harlan Briggs; Judge, Paul Everton; Wilcox, Joseph Crehan; Ernie, Frank Puglia; Lee, Willie Fung.

"6000 ENEMIES"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Based upon a story by Wilmon Menard and Leo L. Stanley. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: Steve Donegan, Walter Pidgeon; Anne Barry, Rita Johnson; Dr. Malcolm Scott, Paul Kelly; "Socks" Martin, Nat Pendleton; Joe Silenus, Harold Huber; Warden Parkhurst, Grant Mitchell; Phil Donegan, John Arledge; Dan Barrett, J. M. Kerrigan; "Bull" Snyder, Adrian Morris; Maxie, Guinn Williams; Dawson, Arthur Aylesworth; "Wibbie" Yern, Raymond Hatton; "Dutch" Myers, Lionel Royce; Ransom, Tom Neal; Wang, Willie Fung; "Peachie," Helena Phillips Evans; Matron, Esther Dale.

"SOME LIKE IT HOT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis R. Foster and Wilkie C. Mahoney. From a play by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Directed by George Archibald. Cast: Nicky Nelson, Bob Hope; Lily Raccuel, Shirley Ross; Gene Krupa, Gene Krupa and Orchestra; Flo Saunders, Una Merkel; Stoney, Rufe Davis; Piano Player, Harry Barris; Stephen Hanratty, Bernard Nedell.

"SOS—TIDAL WAVE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Gordon Kahn. Original story by James Webb. Directed by John H. Auer.

Cast: Jeff Shannon, Ralph Byrd; Uncle Dan, George Barbier; Laurel Shannon, Kay Sutton; Peaches Jackson, Frank Jenks; Sutter, Marc Lawrence; Mable, Dorothy Lee; Mike Halloran, Oscar O'Shea; Buddy Shannon, Mickey Kuhn; Farrow, Ferris Taylor; Curley, Donald Barry; Roy Nixon, Raymond Bailey.

"STRONGER THAN DESIRE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by David Hertz and William Ludwig. Based on a novel by W. F. Woodward. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: Tyler Flagg, Walter Pidgeon; Elizabeth Flagg, Virginia Bruce; Michael McLain, Lee Bowman; Eve McLain, Ann Dvorak; Jo Brennan, Ilka Chase; Barbara Winter, Rita Johnson; Jerry Brody, Richard Lane; Susan Flagg, Ann Todd; District Attorney Galway, Paul Stanton; Mrs. D'Amoro, Ferike Boros.

"SUN NEVER SETS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb. Original story by Jerry Horwin and Arthur Fitz-Richards. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: John Randolph, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Clive Randolph, Basil Rathbone; Phyllis Ransome, Virginia Field; Hugo Zurof, Lionel Atwill; Helen Randolph, Barbara O'Neil; Sir John Randolph, C. Aubrey Smith; Corey, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Randolph, Mary Forbes; Gerald Randolph, Arthur Mullin; Simon Randolph, John Burton; Colonial Official, Sidney Bracy.

"TARZAN FINDS A SON!"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Cyril Hume. Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan; Boy, John Sheffield; Mr. Lancing, Ian Hunter; Sir Thomas Lancing, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Lancing, Frieda Inescort; Mr. Sande, Henry Wilcoxon; Mrs. Richard Lancing, Laraine Day; Mr. Richard Lancing, Morton Lowry.

"TELL NO TALES"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lionel Houser. Based on a story by Pauline London and Alfred Taylor. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: Michael Cassidy, Melvyn Douglas; Ellen Frazer, Louise Platt; Arno, Gene Lockhart; Matt Cooper, Douglas Dumbrille; Lorna Travers, Florence George; Doctor Lovelake, Halliwell Hobbes; Miss Mary, Zeffie Tilbury; Davie Bryant, Harlan Briggs; Miss Brendan, Sara Haden; Charlie Daggett, Hobart Cavanaugh; Sam O'Neil, Oscar O'Shea; Ruby, Theresa Harris; Mrs. Lovelake, Jean Fenwick; Mrs. Haskins, Esther Dale; Chalmers, Joseph Crehan; Phil Arno, Tom Collins.

"WINTER CARNIVAL"—WALTER WANGER-U. A.—Screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole. Original story by Budd Schulberg. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Cast: Jill Baxter, Ann Sheridan; Prof. John Weldon, Richard Carlson; Ann Baxter, Helen Parrish; Tiger Reynolds, Robert Armstrong; Mickey Allen, James Corner; Don Reynolds, Alan Baldwin; Betsy, Joan Brodel; Marge Stafford, Virginia Gilmore; Rocky Morgan, Robert Allen; Lucy Morgan, Marsha Hunt; The Baby, The McCash Twins, Susan and Milly; Count Von Lundborg, Morton Lowry; Larry Grey, Jimmy Butler.

"WOLF CALL"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Joseph West. From an original story by Jack London. Directed by George Waggner. Cast: Mike, John Carroll; Towanah, Movita; Father Devlin, Peter George Lynn; Carson, Wheeler Oakman; Dr. MacTavish, George Cleveland; Michael Vance, Sr., Guy Usher; Natalie, Polly Ann Young; Grogan, John Sheehan; Bull, John Kelly; Sergeant, Pat O'Malley; Smoke, Grey Shadow.

"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. Cast: Abraham Lincoln, Henry Fonda; Abigail Clay, Alice Brady; Mary Todd, Marjorie Weaver; Hannah Clay, Arleen Whelan; Efe, Eddie Collins; Ann Rutledge, Pauline Moore; Matt Clay, Richard Cromwell; John Felder, Donald Meek; Carrie Sue, Judith Dickens; Adam Clay, Eddie Quillan; Judge Herbert A. Bell, Spencer Charters; Palmer Cass, Ward Bond; Stephen A. Douglas, Milburn Stone; Sheriff Billings, Cliff Clark; Juror, Steven Randall; Ninian Edwards, Charles Tannen; Frank Ford, Francis Ford; "Scrub" White, Fred Kohler, Jr.; Mrs. Edwards, Kay Linaker; Woolridge, Russell Simpson; Dr. Mason, Clarence Hummel Wilson; John T. Stuart, Edwin Maxwell; Hawthorne, Charles Halton; Mr. Clay, Robert Homans; Matt Clay (as a boy), Jack Kelly; Adam Clay (as a boy), Dickie Jones; Barber, Harry Tyler.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truex, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (July)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (May)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy; and that of Maximilian and Carlotta, dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Muni's fine. (July)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowhand who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowhand who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (June)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrummer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (June)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically manning their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman, as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (May)

LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives us his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-e! All action takes place on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

★ LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass, Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam' Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (June)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (May)

★ LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the Technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (May)

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-café singer, Irene Dunne; crystallizes in Madiera when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (June)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsy with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little-Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (July)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a rôle as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (July)

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new

bunny, playing an American chorine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (May)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the Higgins family, Pa (James Gleason), Ma (Lucile Gleason) and Son (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying Grandpa (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (May)

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwy Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself! It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (May)

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (July)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (July)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the rôle of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding mood-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the Kid's lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles. (July)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (July)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His door-step daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (May)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (June)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (July)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (May)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (July)

★ STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays Bell, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (June)

★ STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war. It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (June)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor, Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (July)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (June)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (June)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gravy train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what results! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (June)

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (July)

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (May)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (July)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (May)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (May)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (June)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Bronte classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the out-cast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (June)

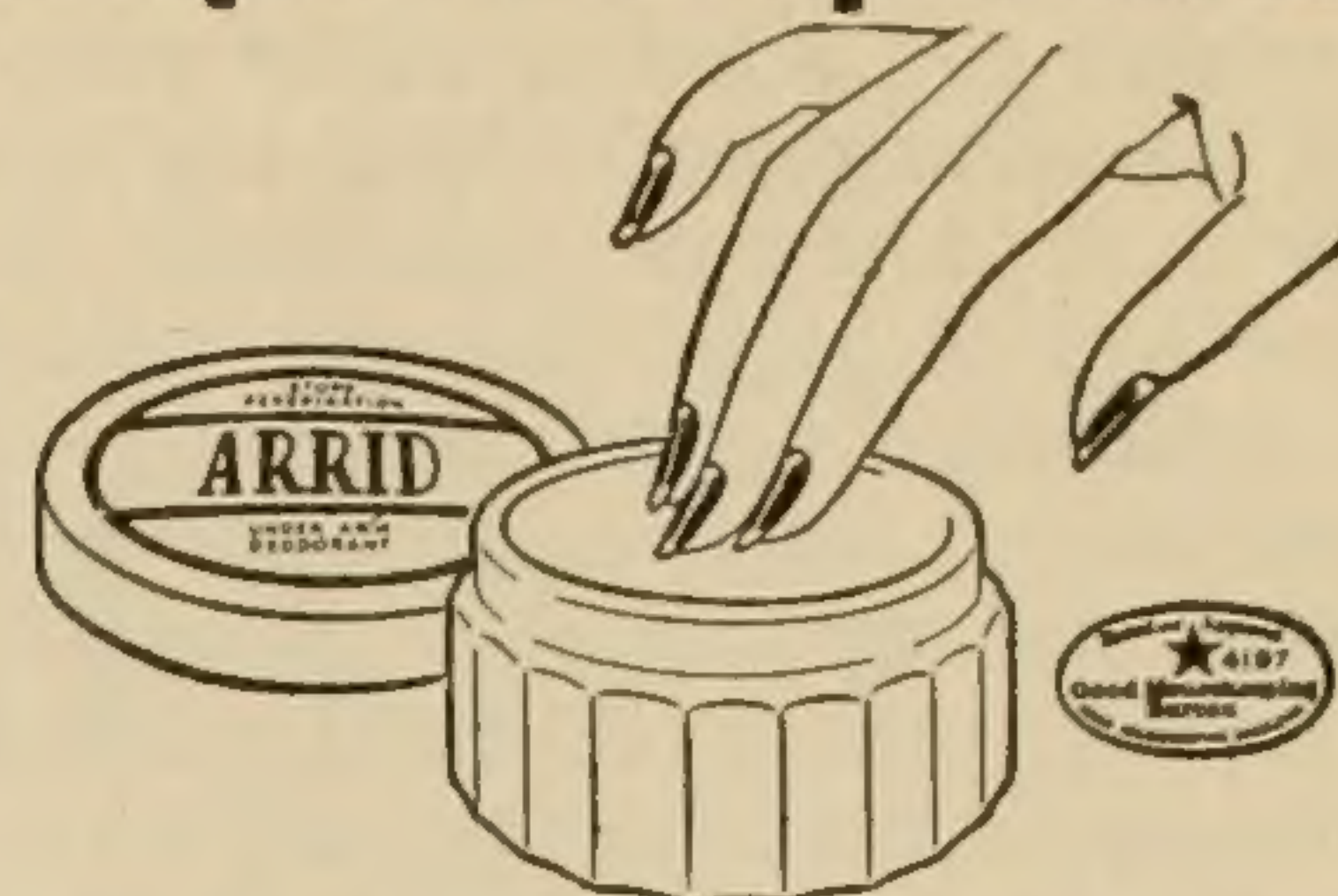
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a smalltime circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (May)

ZENOBI—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by Doctor Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (June)

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Fantasy in Fashion

(Continued from page 23)

starched collar—the chain that runs from pocket to pocket is easily adaptable as an amusing ornament for coat, frock or suit. The hat of generous proportions has a high, forward peaked crown with startling side wings instead of a regulation brim—exotic and wild, of course, but definitely a change for the better from the bird's nests, pancake and saucepan models of the past season.

2. In the little land of the *Munchkins* "The First Townsman" is a personage of distinction and likewise his attire is commanding. Of particular note are the shining buckles that glorify the side fastening of his coat. His stovepipe hat has a narrow, elongated brim. Notice the brushes that are used as gayly colored trim. Look for his shining buckles this fall on shoes, bags, coats, frocks, hats, belts and gloves.

3. This robust and jovial character is by name "The Second Townsman." The dramatic collar of his coat, his high hat with ribbon running through the crown, his huge timepiece hung on a heavy chain (which is surely a far cry from our popular miniature lapel watches) are fantastic points of interest that will

be modified and exploited into trends.

4. The *Munchkin* peasant costumes stress the close-fitting, odd-shaped hat, with a tiny frilled edge that is repeated in a stand-up collar. Flower and tassel motifs are notes of particular interest and Adrian feels flowers—jeweled, embroidered and appliquéd—should find a definite vogue from head to toe. The docile *Munchkin* peasants also wear heavy, wide necklaces of wooden beads, with little flowerpot hats, around the crown of which wooden beads matching those of the necklaces are used—in the crowns themselves nestle little clusters of flowers. For modern adaptation of this headgear Adrian suggests hats of velvet and flowers of feathers in rich contrast to wooden beads. The laced bodices, the aprons and the insert bandings of their costumes are likewise inspiration for design.

5. On "One of the Five Fiddlers," those makers of merriment, Adrian adds an amusing conception of a hat in a skull cap with contrasting silk tassels held upright on a stalk. Here he emphasizes the use of tassels as decoration. Tassels are a favored medium with

Adrian for detail trim and he also uses them in place of buttons. Again Adrian stresses collar interest.

6. Fantasy reigns supreme in the costume of the austere "Commander of the Navy." The abbreviated double bolero jacket is of felt. Notice the huge polka dots. You will see them frequently on various characters throughout the picture. Utterly charming is Adrian's conception of the use of flowers on shoulders and on gloves, an idea that should have wide popularity, and the flower on the hat is due to be adapted in modified form.

7. "The Minister" stands sedate and profound to let you view his magnificent, appliquéd, three-tiered cape with a semioriental flavor. The curved, stand-up collar is fastened with a cord and huge buttons. The long gauntlet gloves have a panel of embroidery; the hammered silver bracelet holds a shaded brush in place of a jewel. Stiff embroidered bands that are shaped in the same mold as the bracelet and rise to extreme height enhance the inverted bowl hat. The silhouette of the cape and the detail of the bracelet, gloves

and hat will create high style interest.

8. "The Man Who Leads the Triumphant Procession" with military precision also wears Adrian's unusual coif hat—a trend that will be so flattering to women's faces. This is an instance where a costume should definitely be built around the hat. Easily adaptable is the note of Oriental-looking appliqué on the gloves and shoes. Notice particularly the panel on the back of the coat.

9. "The Trumpeter" wears a stiff white coat of felt, with amusing sleeves of silk crêpe, felt appliquéd flowers, and garland of daisies around the neck. The hat with a coif treatment is new and exciting, and likewise is the placement of a flower cluster in the back.

And so, on and on, fashion inspiration continues to flow from Adrian, whose recognition by Lord and Taylor, famous New York department store, with a \$1,000.00 prize, as the American designer who has wielded the most influence on the world of fashion, is in keeping with the wealth of ideas and versatility he has displayed and continues to display in his designing capacity with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Wizardry of Oz

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When the picture was finished and the four said good-by it was a sad moment for all of them.

During the entire ten months of shooting, they seemed to fascinate Terry completely, a state of mind which I could well appreciate. Certainly on all Hollywood's fantastic acres I have never come upon so startling an eyeful.

My first sight of them was one day during luncheon, which was always served in their dressing room. Because of make-up complications, they did not attempt to eat in the commissary. Leaving a pair of straw legs, a lion's skin and a framework of tin joints behind them, yet retaining from the neck up the result of a two-hour morning session in make-up, the three, at noon, would repair to their dressing room to sit around the luncheon table in well-worn bathrobes.

I was bound to know it was still Mr. Bolger, Mr. Lahr and Mr. Haley, as upon the day of my call they turned three pair of eyes toward the door to acknowledge my arrival, but never have I been so carried beyond the realm of anything I could believe. There they were, a scarecrow's gunny-sack countenance, framed with wisps of weathered straw which plainly could only have escaped from inside his head, a lion looking through a tawny mane, and a third face contrived of rivets and tin, a funnel for a nose soldered snugly to an unmistakable aluminum head.

"I know what you're thinking," grinned Mr. Bolger, after an interim in which I could but silently stare. "When I saw the rushes yesterday where they took off my legs and threw them away I just about believed, myself, that I'm straw. When I go home at night I feel as if I'm still just flapping in the wind!"

"The whole business seems real," put in the *Lion*. "When we barged down a stone hall in the scene where we were to try and escape from the castle and the iron door swung shut just before we got through it, and those six-foot green-eyed *Winkies* ganged up on us, and the witch cackled in at the window,

I'm right here to tell you it was something to shiver about!"

"In doing characters like these," said Mr. Bolger again, "every little thing is so important. In an ordinary part, if you slip up on a gesture or a word, you can get away with it. But, in a thing like this, you aren't allowed a moment in which to be yourself."

"And when you're playing for kids," added Mr. Haley, "you're playing for the toughest audience in the world. The grown people look at it just to be entertained, but the kids look at it . . . to believe it!"

A voice called from downstairs to say they were wanted on the set. Three chairs scraped away from the table, three undefined creatures knotted the cords of their bathrobes and paraded out.

Following them to the set, I discovered later that Judy Garland as *Dorothy*, and small Terry as *Toto*, were the only members of the entire company unworried by trick make-up of one kind or another. But Judy had another plaint. The grownups could finish a scene and knock off, whereas for her, in that trim ever-present trailer which is labeled "Judy Garland, School," the thrill of adventure in "Oz" was forever anticlimaxed by plain old-fashioned geometry.

Judy, however, was not the only scholar. There was also Mr. *Wizard-of-Oz* Frank Morgan, for whom weeks of serious coaching were necessary for a smooth delivery of the magic his title rôle required. He can now make a bird cage disappear up his sleeve with the best of the Houdinis, but I took four months of concentration and practice to accomplish it.

As for me, it seemed that all the magic in the world might be accomplished by just one wave of the wand of Miss Burke as the *Good Fairy*, her elfin Irish smile in the most perfect setting I have ever seen created for it; a cloud of shell-pink tulle, pale silver butterflies poised upon its delicate mesh.

"It makes me wish," she said gently, "that I were sixteen again . . . that my feet didn't have to touch the ground!"

But Billie Burke, as the *Good Fairy* of "Oz," is sixteen again, and you are perfectly certain her feet never have touched the ground.

"It's a divine part," she said. "There's child enough in all of us to be thrilled with the settings and the feeling of this picture. It has terrified me a little," she confided, "to think of living up to the children's idea of what a Good Fairy must be, but I can only hope with all my heart that I won't disappoint them."

Alone on the great sound stage just then, she was waiting for her last scene, which was to be a montage of her face and her smile as it would drift across the picture to finish *Dorothy's* dream.

The famous Burke red-gold hair rippling loosely about her shoulders shimmered with diamond dust and infinitesimal stars. Above, on the catwalk, the electricians waited with the necessary arcs and suns. She laughed and touched me with her wand.

"What would you like?" she asked. And indeed there was nothing for me to believe but that she could grant it, for if ever good fairies lived, this one was the epitome of them all; a sentiment subscribed to one moment later by Miss Victoria Fleming, five years old, as she approached with her father who had come to superintend this last shot.

"Daddy," she whispered, looking up at Miss Burke who waited in the single circle of light breaking through the darkness of the great empty sound stage. "Daddy, do you think I could touch the Good Fairy?"

Later, I watched preparation for a scene on the stage next door; a stage almost the size of a New York block, a stage transformed now into the Emerald City, a panorama of green glass domes, castle gates, tall towers, a floor of highly polished baked enamel, a windmill's green glass arms slowly revolving against an iridescent sky.

The extras sat about in idle groups; men with green beards and purple feather hair, women wearing jewels which glowed like cats' eyes in the dark. Alongside the eight-foot cabo-

chon emeralds which marked the palace gates, the scarecrow's stand-in stretched full-length asleep. Silently, methodically, unemotionally half a dozen workmen pushed mops about the floor, making it ready for the coming shot when not a footmark would be allowed to mar its polished perfection.

Along the side lines parked a row of lighted trailers, the dressing rooms of the principal players, their exclusive little doors bearing the names "Mr. Bolger," "Mr. Haley," "Margaret Hamilton," (Miss Hamilton playing your gorgeously wicked and relentless witch).

Outside Mr. Lahr's door hung, limply, his lion suit. Presently it would take three dressers to get him into it. On a wig block reposed his tawny toppiece. Mr. Lahr himself, sitting just within his open door, bent his saffron rubber face over a typewriter upon which he was pegging out a letter. And not at all surprising in this setting of complete fantasy, a sky-blue horse stood hitched to a barouche in which Judy, the *Scarecrow*, the *Lion*, and the *Tin Woodman* were to ride through the city gates.

A sky-blue horse? Yes, and complacently munching teatime oats, a scarlet horse, a lavender horse, a pink one and one of canary color. For the carriage proceeding through the city was to illustrate that timeworn phrase "a horse of a different color," the blue horse changing before your very eyes to pink, to yellow, to lavender! And which perhaps pigeonholes, as well as anything can, the picture itself, a production which is indeed, a horse of a different color, the new musical score, the half a hundred Technicolor scenes, laced together with elements which seem to promise something singularly delightful for us all; honesty, beauty, satire and philosophy for the grownups, with adventure and suspense for the children.

And every man to his own particular taste in whimsies, of course, but as for me, "Munchkinland" provides the one I am waiting for . . . flowers growing out of the holes in the toes of the midget *Munchkins'* shoes!

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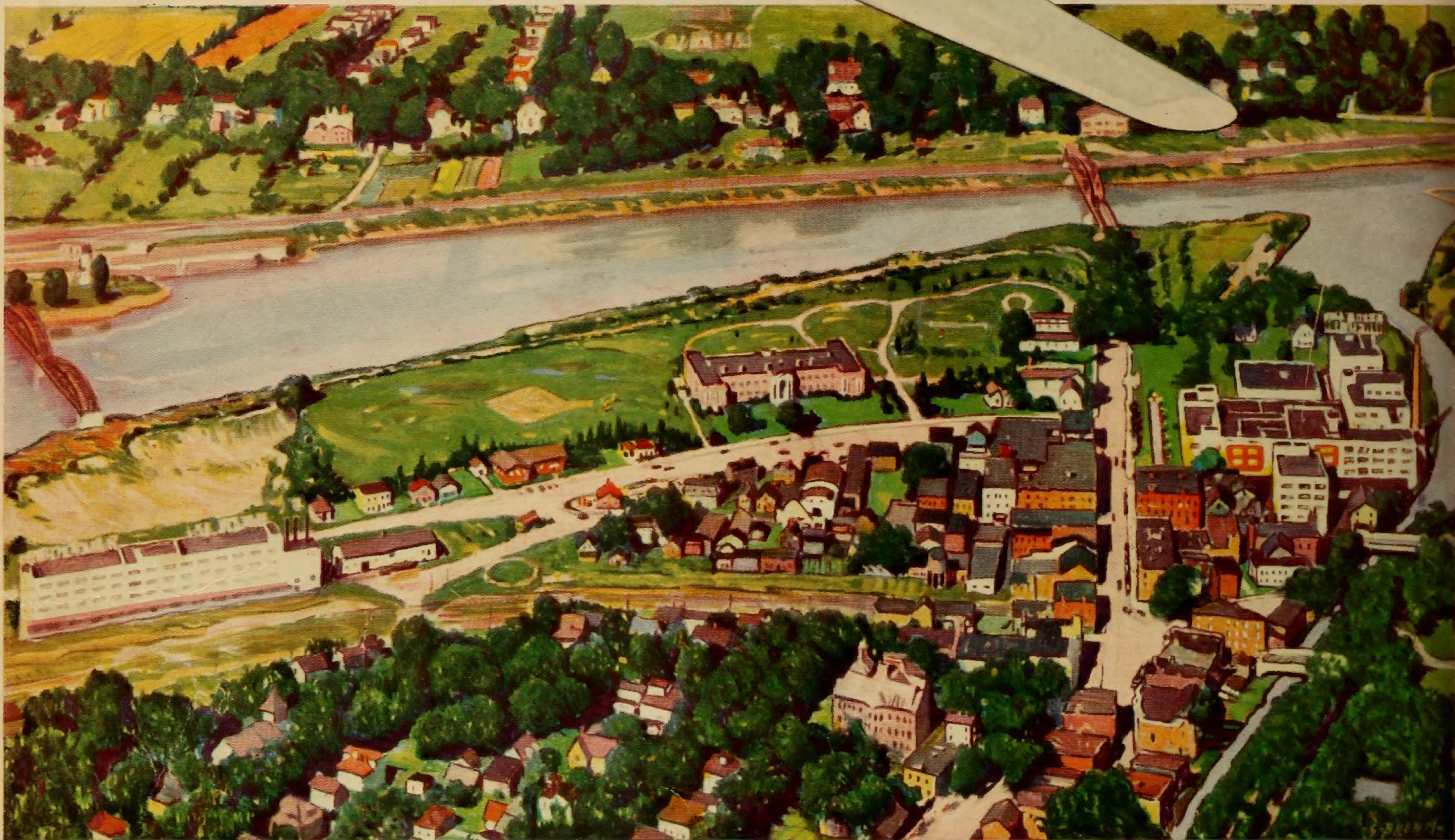
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